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ANNALS OF THE
HARFORD FAMILY

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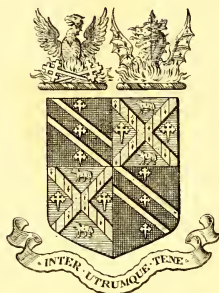
LOUISA,
Wife of JOHN SCANDRETT HARFORD, JR.
From a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., 1823.

ANNALS OF THE HARFORD FAMILY

EDITED BY
ALICE HARFORD

LONDON
THE WESTMINSTER PRESS
411A HARROW ROAD, W.
1909

Arms granted to the
Descendants of A. G. HARFORD - BATTERSBY.



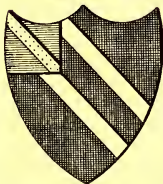
ARMS : Quarterly, 1 and 4, sable, two bendlets argent between three cross crosslets fitché in pale of the last (Harford) ; 2 and 3, azure, a saltire paly ermine and or between two rams passant in pale of the second and as many cross crosslets fitché in fesse argent (Battersby).

CRESTS : 1, In front of flames, issuing therefrom a phoenix, two cross crosslets fitché in saltire argent (Harford) ; 2, Issuing out of fire a dragon's head per pale or and azure between a pair of wings ermine (Battersby).

Arms granted to JOHN HARFORD of BOSBURY.



1135719



ARMS : Sable two bends argent, on a canton azure a bend or (Scroope).

CREST : Issuing from flames a phœnix or winged azure.

Hope helpeth heave Hartes sayeth
Henry Harforde.

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Tomb of JOHN HARFORD in Bosbury Church.

Tomb of RICHARD and MARTHA HARFORD in Bosbury Church.

SARAH, wife of Edward Harford.

JOSEPH HARFORD of Stapleton, F.R.S.

JOHN SCANDRETT HARFORD, Sen.

ELIZABETH, wife of A. G. Harford-Battersby.

JOHN SCANDRETT HARFORD, Jun., D.C.L., F.R.S.

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Prologue

THERE is no doubt that the history of a family, which can proudly point to even one scion raised above the crowd by great gifts or great deeds, or even a conspicuous crime, may be worth recording, but the tragedy or comedy of uneventful lives is apt to escape eyes which do not look beyond the surface. May not such lives, however, slowly form a rich and fruitful soil from which may spring men and women who shall be the crown and the perfect blossom of the race?

I desire to record for my own family the scattered notes and clues gathered from old books, old papers, old letters, in the hope that they may one day be used as straw for someone else's bricks. Horace Walpole wrote*: "I am the first Antiquary of my race. People don't know how entertaining a study it is. 'Who begot whom?' is a most amusing kind of hunting. One recovers a grandfather instead of breaking one's own neck, and then one grows so pious to the memory of a thousand persons one never heard of before. One finds how a Christian name came into a family, with a world of other delectable erudition."

Family tradition held that we were lineally descended from John Harford of Bosbury, who, in the reign of Henry VIII, flashes out of obscurity into riches and importance by dint of acquiring spoils from the dissolved Abbeys, but in the third generation his male descendants are blotted out, and his line appears to have ended in Mary Harford, ancestress of the family of Jones-Brydges of Boultibroke, Co. Radnor, the male line of which is now extinct.

* To the Rev. W. Cole, 5 June, 1775.

Our ancestors, in good faith, used the Bosbury coat-of-arms, although the Herald's College refused to sanction it until the descent could be clearly proved. In the sixties, Frederick Kill Harford printed a pedigree, two links of which—connecting Henry Harford of Bosbury and Charles Harford of Marshfield—were unsound. Further researches showed him serious discrepancies. He laid the evidence before my father, as head of the family, and convinced him, however reluctantly, that the Bosbury descent was disproved. But his own father refused to examine the proofs, or to admit that there *could* be any discrepancy. For the sake of peace, his son let the matter rest. A letter from Sir Harford Jones of Boultonbrook in 1823 to J. S. Harford, shows that the same tradition of cousinhood between the Harfords of Bosbury and the Harfords of Marshfield existed among the descendants of Mary Harford. Most traditions have grown round a small kernel of truth, and two branches from an original stem seems a possible solution. Marshfield is only a few miles from Castlecombe, the home of Anne Scrope, wife of the first Harford of Bosbury.

Thickly scattered over parts of Gloucestershire, Somerset and Wiltshire, in a lesser degree over the Marches of Wales, and as far west as Plymouth, the name of Herford, Harford, or Harvord belonged during the Tudor reigns to a race of yeomen, hardy, prolific, and long-lived. The name, in richly-varied spelling, is apparently derived from the county and town of Hereford in the days when a man's designation came from the place of his origin. Camden suggests that the city of Hereford took its present name from the Saxon *Heer*, a host or multitude, crossing a ford; he says the common people called it *Hari-ford*. Instances of Harford being written for Hereford frequently occur.

In a treaty between Maud and Stephen, Earl Roger de Hereford is also called Rogerus Harfordie. Walter de Hereford is designated as Walter Harfford.*

* Perrett's Pedigree.

- 1372.—Walter Harford, magister de la Elyanore de Bristoll, whose pay was 60 shillings, commanded one of a fleet of 400 vessels sent out by Edward III.*
- 1391.—Richard Harford, Vicar of All Saints, Hereford, established and dedicated a Chantry to the Holy Rood and St. James.†
- 1415.—In the Roll of Agincourt John Hareford is an Esquire in the train of Sir John Grey.‡
- 1463.—Will of Robertus Hareforde or Herforde, rector of Newchurch in Romney Marsh, mentions Dom John Hertforde and Dom Reg. Hayreforde.§
- 1511.—Inscription over gateway of Thornbury Castle: This Gate was begun in the Yere of Our Lorde 1511 . . . by me Edward duc of Buckinham erlle of Harforde Stafforde and Northampton.||
- 1520.—To King Henry VIII from John Herford customer [collector of dues and customs] of ye Porte of Plymouth, information concerning movements of ye Emperor's [Charles V] fleete.¶
- 1538.—Philip Harford, a young monk of Evesham, was made Abbot for the purpose of surrendering the Abbey, which he accomplished January 1539-40, receiving in lieu thereof a yearly pension of £240, and the "almnerie" with the buildings and grounds appertaining. He is also called Philip Hawford, *alias* Ballard, and Ph. Haforde and Hafforde. Bishop Latimer wrote to Cromwell that he would find Harford a true friend. In 1543 he was incumbent of Elmley Lovett, and afterwards became Dean of Worcester.**

* MS. account. † Storer's *Delineation of Glo'stershire*. ‡ Nicolas' *History of the Battle of Agincourt*.

§ Doctors Commons. || Rudder's *Glo'stershire*. ¶ *State Papers (Domestic)*.

** Gasquet's *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*, Nash's *Worcestershire*, Gairdner's *Letters and Papers of Henry VIII.*, vol. 14.

PROLOGUE

Between 1544 and 1548 John Herford was one of the earliest English printers, first at St. Alban's and then in London, where he died in 1549.*

William Herefore or Harford, 1555-59, and Raphael Harford, 1645, were engaged in the same useful work.*

There is not the slightest proof that any one of these personages was an ancestor of ours, yet we may feel proud that the Esquire who fought at Agincourt, and one of the early printers bore our name. The time-serving Abbot of Evesham shows a curious family likeness to John Harford of Bosbury in his method of combining his own advantage with that of his King.

Can we claim the founder of Harvard as a connection? I doubt it. John Harvard, son of a Southwark butcher and his wife Katherine Rogers of Stratford-on-Avon, was born in 1607, took his M.A. degree at Emmanuel Coll., Cambridge, in 1635, sailed in the "Mayflower," and died at Charlestown in 1638, leaving half his estate to the University, "which perpetuates his ever-honoured name."

ALICE HARFORD.

* F.K.H.

The Harfords of Bosbury.

DURING the period of storm and upheaval that preceded and accompanied the Reformation, John Harford sided with Henry VIII, and rose to prosperity through the acquisition of Church lands after the Dissolution of the Monasteries. Born in 1502-4, his immediate parentage is uncertain, but he was clearly of gentle birth, as he married, *circa* 1525, Anne, daughter of Sir John Scrope of Castlecombe, Wilts,* and his wife Margaret Wrottesley. Anne had been previously married to Henry Viner or Veinor, who left her a young widow.† In 1558 their son, Henry Viner, was granted the following coat of arms containing the Scrope bearings‡: *Azure*, a bend *or*, on a chief *argent* a saltire engrailed *gules* between two Cornish choughs proper.

The name of Harford appears to be a variant of Hereford, which is indifferently spelt Hertford, Hartford, Hariford, Hareford, and Harford, in early chronicles and inscriptions. Camden suggests that the city of Hereford may derive its present name from the Saxon *Heer*, an army, fording a stream.

John Harford's arms were admitted by Tonge, Norroy King of Arms (1522 to 1534). The date is not given, but it was probably on the occasion of his marriage, when he received permission to charge his wife's arms. The coat was, therefore, *sable*, two bends *argent* (Harford), on a canton *azure*, a bend *or* (Scrope); crest, a demi-eagle *or*, winged *azure*, breathing and issuing out of flames, proper.

In 1540 "John Harford of Worcester" rented a pasture called Fforlett, and ten years later the Manor of Bosbury, belonging to the

* *Visitation of Hereford*, No. 1442, p. 3.

† Anthony Scrope, her brother, m. Anne Viner; both buried at Colwall. Anne, dau. of Richard Scrope, who d. 1572, niece of Anne Harford, m. Thomas Harford of Castlecombe.

‡ *Visitation of Wilts*.

Bishop of Hereford, from that time making his home there. In 1549 he bought of the Protector Somerset two messuages in the city of Hereford belonging to the Church of All Saints. This church had four chantries, one of which, dedicated to the Holy Rood and St. James, had been established by Richard Harford in 1391.*

Other religious foundations, acquired either in his own name or in conjunction with John Farley, were the chantries of Kentish Burcote, of St. Martin's, and of St. Peter's churches in Hereford, the Rectory of Tarrington,† and lands at Bishop's Frome originally given to maintain a priest. To these must be added the tithes of Avenbury, and the Abbot's barn belonging to the Cistercian foundation of Abbey Dore. It was built of stone and was not pulled down until 1760.‡

The Bosbury property was mainly leasehold; the last remnant, New Court, was sold in 1691§ to Francis Brydges by Elizabeth, widow of John's great-grandson, Bridstock Harford, M.P., herself a Brydges by birth.

Twenty-two years later all the male descendants of John Harford and Anne Scrope were either extinct or living in such obscurity that they have not been traced, and the family portraits and heirlooms were inherited by Mary Harford on the death of her half-brother Bridstock in 1713.

For one hundred and fifty years Bosbury remained the home-nucleus and abiding-place of the Harfords. Still a black and white Tudor village, fallen now from the importance it once possessed, and stranded far apart from main roads and modern hurry, it lies hidden in green undulating country among small pastures cut by narrow twisting lanes shadowed by immemorial black-green yews, flowering thorns, and apple-orchards. There are miniature heights and hollows filled with leafage near the scattered cottages, white-plastered, black-

* Storer's *Delineation of Gloucestershire*.

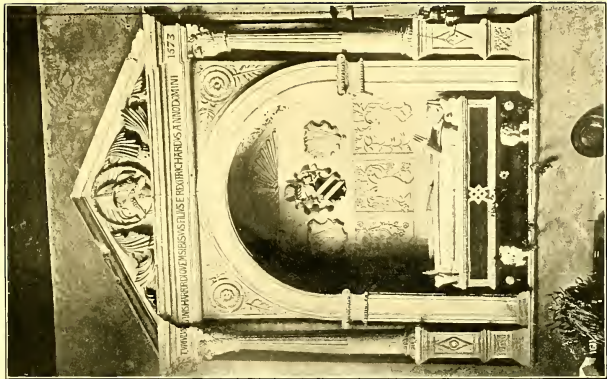
† Duncumb's *History of Herefordshire*.

‡ In the 7th year of Edward VI he acquired Canon Frome and Hampton Bishop.

§ C. J. Robinson's *Mansions and Manors of Herefordshire*.



TOMB OF RICHARD AND MARTHA HARFORD,
BOSBURY CHURCH.



TOMB OF JOHN HARFORD, BOSBURY CHURCH.

timbered, roofed with brown thatch or red weather-stained tiles. Far to the west rise the hills of Wales, and to the east the high sweeping curves of the Malvern range, their uplifted ridges taking marvellous tints of amethyst light and sapphire gloom from the afternoon clouds and sunshine. Separate from the church and south of it stands the square massive tower, more like a fortress than a belfry. Slightly west of the tower, on rough stone steps, is a small St. Cuthbert's cross of red granite, surmounting a tall shaft. When Cromwell's soldiers would have destroyed the cross, the Vicar of Bosbury and his parishioners interceded for it, and the cross was spared on the condition that these words, still partly legible, should be cut on it: "Honour . not . the . Cross . but . honour . God . for . Christ."

The church is Transitional Norman, and dates, as does the font, from the twelfth century. In the chancel are the early Renaissance tombs of John Harford and Richard Harford by an Italian workman, who cut an inscription on the canopy of the former monument: "I John Guido, of Hereford, made this Tombe with myne own handes." Slabs in the flooring marked the resting-places of Anne Harford and her grandson Richard, son of Henry.

Five sons and four daughters were born to John Harford, and in 1559 he died. His stone effigy still lies, uninjured, with folded hands, showing a strong shaven profile, eagle nose, and firmly-moulded mouth and chin. He made his will in 1551, leaving his property to his sons, Richard, John, Anthony, omitting Nathaniel and Henry, who were both in holy orders, although Henry was to succeed if his elder brothers' issue failed. A life interest was left to the widow, and he charges her "to find my said sonne Richard and Kateryn his wief honest and convenient horse-meate and man's meate and allso meate and drinke for all his children and one man servante and one woman servante."

Anne Harford survived her husband fourteen years, dying in 1573. In that year Richard Harford caused his father's elaborate tomb to be

made, while his mother lies apart from her husband under a plain slab. The inscription runs :

“ TVMVLVS . JOANIS . HARFORDI . QVEM . SIBI .
SVVS . FILIVS . EREXIT . RICHARDVS .
ANNO . DOMINI . 1573.”

The four daughters were : Mary, wife of John Webbe of Shakingford ;* Jane, wife of William Scudamore of Thruxton ;† Martha, and Anne.

Martha Harford was married November 20th, 1559, to Thomas Cave of Moreton-upon-Lugge, at Bosbury, where their infant daughter Anne was christened the following year. Martha Cave's grandson, Edward Cave of Larport, died 1657, leaving four daughters.

Anne Harford married John Aberford, and lived at Colwall, two miles from Bosbury, as did her brother Anthony. Her baby Anne was baptised in August, 1560, and a year later she herself was buried. A note in the Colwall Register explains : “ This Anne was daughter of John Harford of Bosbury and his wife Anne, daughter of Sir J. Scrope.” Anne Aberford grew up and was married at Bosbury, December 31st, 1579, to Edmund Foxe of Leighton Court. An altar tomb at Much Cowarne shows their recumbent effigies, with their offspring depicted round the sides—three sons and seven daughters.† The sons were Charles Foxe of Treworgan, Edward and Edmund Foxe of Leighton.†

As Richard Harford was born in 1526 he must in 1551 have been newly married to his first wife, Katherine Purefoy, who died childless at Bosbury in July, 1570. The following year Richard married Martha, daughter of Charles Foxe of Brimfield, Co. Salop. She brought him a large dowry, which rendered him independent of the meagre bounty prescribed by his father's will, and set him free to indulge his taste for architecture and decoration. Richard's portrait

* *Visitation of Hereford.*

† C. J. R.

at Boultibrooke, dated 1567, shows a dignified Elizabethan figure in black velvet cloak and doublet, the wide outstanding collar trebly wound with a golden chain. Reddish sandy hair, moustache, and beard frame a characteristic self-contained countenance, not lacking in shrewdness. His name and age, forty-one, are inscribed on the canvas. The coat of arms must have been added later, as it impales the arms of Martha Foxe.*

In 1566 Richard Harford and his father, then dead, were jointly accused of concealing the advowson of a living from Queen Elizabeth.†

The Bishops of Hereford had a summer palace at Bosbury, in which they held great state. It was partly demolished by Bishop Scory (1559-1586), but the arched gateway of red sandstone still exists among farm buildings close to the churchyard. The site was leased to Richard Harford, Steward of the Manor, who undertook to build a new house, though not on the same spot. The next Bishop‡ disapproved of what had been done, complaining of the new building "that though it might fit a good Knight or Gentleman, yet it came short of a Bishop."§ Richard built his dwelling-house at the end of the village, from which it is divided by a deep slowly-winding stream edged with bushes. It is now the "Crown Inn," and contains a long panelled room of his building. It is carefully preserved, much as he left it, from the stone-mullioned Tudor window and the thick beams across the ceiling to the square panelling of black oak which covers the walls. Above the great fireplace the oak is carved into arcades and pillars, and bears the initials R. H. and M. H., with the date of 1571; the same date is also cut on the long oaken table. Four carved shields, painted with armorial bearings, were placed within arches over the mantelpiece; the first, now vanished, held the arms of Harford; next in order came those of Scrope, Wrottesley, Foxe. Armorial bearings were also cut on bosses at the intersection of the roof-beams: again,

* Arms of Foxe: a chevron between three foxes' heads erased *gules*.—C. J. R.

† Record Office.

‡ Westfaling, 1586-1602.

§ Additional MSS. 14,027.

one is missing ; that of Harford. Probably both boss and shield were removed when the house was given up or sold.

In 1575 Richard Harford died, leaving no issue,* and three years later his widow erected a canopied tomb north of the altar in Bosbury Church, facing that of his father, and evidently designed by John Guido. Richard's longer, narrower head with pointed beard, shows no likeness to his father's effigy, and he probably resembled the Scropes. He lies on his right side, in a long gown, small ruff, and flat cap, gazing across the chancel, while Martha's figure is oddly poised above him, as if she were determined to be seen. She is lying on her back, level with his left shoulder, holding an open book ; a clear-cut oval face with a coif on her small head.

Martha,† who appreciated matrimony, took a second, and then a third husband. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth she brought a chancery suit against the family of her second husband, Michael Hopton of Canon Frome, regarding her jointure, being then the wife of John Berrow of Awre, Co. Gloucester.‡

Canon Frome was acquired by John Harford, and having been settled on Richard's§ widow at his decease, may have been retained by the heirs of her second husband.

Nathaniel, the second son of John and Anne Harford, became a priest and lived a quiet, blameless life during six reigns, in the crowded years and the ferment of minds that mark this brilliant, stormy period. He held the Prebend of Putston Major in Hereford Cathedral in 1559, the year of his father's death, and again in 1581. Born in 1527 and dying in December, 1632, the Vicar of Bosbury wrote of him in the

* Will proved March 26th, 1576.

† 1st June, 1588. Martha Harford, widow, Co. Hereford, contributed £25 to the fund for defence against the Spanish Armada.

‡ Harl. MS. 6726.

§ A contemporary Richard Harford may have been a cousin, but there is no proof to support such a theory. The elder Richard took his B.A. degree at Merton in 1544 (*Fasti Oxonienses*), and between 1545 and 1551 he held three Prebends in Hereford Cathedral (Rev. F. Havergal). He subsequently became Archdeacon of St. David's, and at his death left lands near Tewkesbury to Merton College.

church register: "Senex et venerandus presbyter agens ætatis suæ annum sextum super centesimum dormivit in Domino."*

John, the third or fourth son, may have gone abroad, for the only glimmer of light on his history comes from a letter written "from Otforde in Kent this xxiii of Maye 1552," by the Duke of Northumberland to Sir William Cecil, Secretary of State:†

"Whereas the bearer, John Harford, hath a sonne w^{ch} he hath allwayes keppt at Scolle and is very handsomly lernyd, and is nowe most desyrous to send him over sea as well to see the trade of lernynge in those partes as obtayne knowledge of other tongues, he requireth lysence of the Kynge Majestie that hys said sonne may for the space of too or thre years apply his tyme as well in Parys and Orleans as at padwaye (Padua) and other places . . .

"Your loveinge ffriend

"NORTHUMBERLAND."

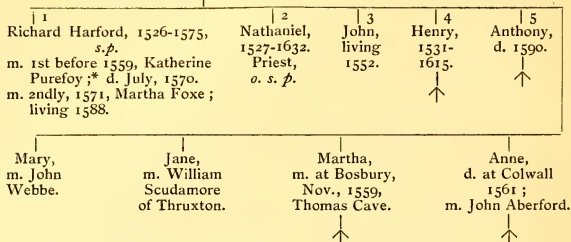
There is no certainty whether this licence was granted, as the request occurred at a time when there was a gap in the records, but it is extremely probable, for towards the end of Edward VI's reign the Duke was all powerful.

Henry, the third or fourth son of John Harford, was born in 1531. He took holy orders, and held the Prebend of Moreton Magna in Hereford Cathedral from 1561 to 1565, when he resigned it and moved to Boyton, near Warminster, Wilts. His Bible, printed in 1581, still exists; the blank pages contain entries of family events, and autographs of his descendants for three generations, ending with Mary Harford the sole survivor. Over margins and title-pages in firm square Elizabethan script runs the oft-repeated motto: "Hope . helpeth . heavye . Hartes . sayth . Henry . Harforde"; hinting at a life of many sorrows in which a great hope upheld and comforted him.

* An old and venerated priest, in his hundred and sixth year, slept in the Lord.

† *State Papers (Domestic)*.

John Harford of Bosbury, m. *circa* 1525, Anne (d. 1573) dau. of Sir John Scrope of Castlecombe, Wilts.
1502-1559.



Note.—C. J. Robinson mentions a daughter of John Harford married before 1563 to Richard, son of Thomas Walwyn of Old Court, but the *Visitation of Hereford* omits her.

The page of registers is as follows :

"*Henrye Harforde* was marryed to Katerin my Wyfe at Stoghton (Stockton), in the Countye of Wiltes upon a mundaye, being y^e tenth daye of Januarye in the yeare of our lorde God one thousande fyve hundred threescore and eyght and had by her thease children following :

"*Richard Harforde* myne eldeste sonne was borne at Boyton in the Countye of Wiltes upon a frydaye being Saynct *Katerine's* daye, and the twenty-fifth day of November about fouer of the clock in the morning in the yeare of our lorde God one thousand fyve hundred threescore and nyne whose Godfathers weare *S^r Richarde fflynte*, parson of Shavington, *Richard potticarye* of Stoghton, clothier, and *Joane Mumpesson* the wyfe of *Thomas Mumpesson* of Corton, and he dyed the fourth daye of December in the yeare of our lorde God aforesayd, and lyeth buryde in the parrishe churchyarde of Boyton aforesaid.

"*Barborowe Harforde* my daughter was borne at Boyton aforesaid upon a wensday about twoo of the clock in the morninge, being the seconde daye of Maye in the yeare of our lorde God one thousande

* Katherine, daughter of William Purefoy, co. Northampton.—*Visitation of Hereford*.



RICHARD HARFORD, of Bosbury, in 1567.

fyve hundred threescore and (eleven), whose godfather was *Roberte Mowen* of Boyton.

“ Elizabeth Harford her boo(ke.)
 This is Henrye Harford's booke.
 Bradstoke Harford his bocke. Amen
 Bridstocke Harforde his booke,
 hand, and pen. Amen.
 Mary Harford her Boock,
 The Lord in heven uppon her loock.”

A second Richard must have followed Barborowe, for his tombstone at Bosbury records his father's cry of grief across three centuries.

“ Solum Superest Sepulchrum.*

HEEARE LYETH
 RIC HARDE HARFORDE,
 THE SONNE OF HENRYE HARFORDE
 WHO DIED
 THE XII OF APRIL
 ANNO DOMINI 1601.

Hope . Helpeth . Heavye .
 Hartes . Sayth . Henrye .
 Harforde.”†

The Prebendary probably remained some years in Herefordshire, marrying secondly Alice Bradstock, or Bridstock, whose son, born in 1607, bore that name. Eventually he returned to Wiltshire, where he died.

Two sons of the first marriage born at Warminster are not mentioned in the Bible record: Henry, baptised May 7th, 1579, who must have died as an infant, and a second Henry, baptised December 26th, 1581. Of him little is known except that he survived his father and was living in 1634.‡ Old Henry's will, made in February, 1614-15,§ left his elder son an annuity of £10 charged on his property

* The tomb alone remains.
 ‡ Visitation of Hereford.

† From a rubbing by F. K. Harford.
 § Proved November 15th, 1615.

in the Counties of Hereford and Gloucester, payable by Alice, his widow, and the heirs of his and her marriage. Anne, Henry junior's daughter, would get a legacy if she should live to the age of twenty-one, and any of her brothers or sisters the same. Bridstock Harford made out a pedigree in 1634 for the Heralds' College, in which there is no mention of his half-brother Henry's descendants, therefore the aforesaid Anne must have died in childhood and had no successors. In 1626 Henry Harward or Harvord held land in Southwick and North Bradley, Wilts; and in 1637 messuages at Draycot Cerne and Langley Burrell were held by Jeremie or Jeronimus Harford, John Harford, and Henry Harford.*

The name at that period was so widely spread over parts of Gloucestershire, Somerset, and Wilts, that it would seem hardly possible to prove their descent from the old Prebendary.

He himself was buried at Warminster on April 6th, 1615, having died at Boreham. Alice Harford proved his will in London and eventually settled at Hereford with her little son.

Bradstock or Bridstock Harford matriculated at Lincoln College, Oxford, in his seventeenth year (1624), and ten years later took his degree as Bachelor of Physic. During the Civil War he was violently in favour of the Parliament, and probably used his influence to protect the family monuments and property at Bosbury. In a secret meeting of Cromwell's adherents held at Leeds after the Restoration, the Bridstock Harfords, father and son, were named as "faithful to the good cause." A report, sent to Charles II's government of a projected rising in 1663, describes their late conduct as having been highly suspicious and themselves as being implacable enemies of the King. The father is accused of having betrayed many things to the Parliamentary side when Hereford was garrisoned by the Royal troops, and of having held office during the Commonwealth.† A portrait, at

* *State Papers (Domestic)*.

† *Ibid.*

Boultribrooke, of a dark, impetuous, determined young fellow, represents Bridstock Harford at that period.

The old physician lived to be eighty-eight, and saw William and Mary on the throne. Honoured and respected, his hot blood cooled down, and all his interests centred in the City of Hereford. A tablet over Williams' Hospital, rebuilt in 1675, bore the inscription.

"FEAR GOD, HONOUR THE KING,
RELIEVE THE POOR,
HÆC TRIA SUNT OMNIA.*
BRIDSTOCK HARFORD
BEING THEN CUSTOS OF THE SAME
AND A GOOD BENEFACTOR THEREIN."

He and all his family were buried in the Cathedral. Three seventeenth century brasses are in the south aisle of the choir. In 1842, when the arch from the south transept to aisle was being taken down, it was found to retain signs of fresco-painting. Eleven coats of arms were placed at intervals, and they were carefully copied by one of the Canons. The third shield was described as: *Argent*, two bends *or*, an impossible coat, and it was considered probable that the arms were those of Harford of Bosbury: *sable*, two bends *argent*, on a canton *azure* a bend *or*.†

Dr. Harford's first wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Hereford of Sufton, a picturesque timbered mansion still existing as a farm-house. She bore him a son in 1634, christened Bridstock after his father in the characteristic Harford way. Dying on February 23rd, 1699, her brass thus describes her :

"A grave tender-hearted Matron here doth lie,
Who to God and Christ made her own Elegie.
Death thought to have surprised her pious cries,
But was deceived, for first she praid, after dies."

* These Three are All-in-All.

† Havergal's *Fasti Herefordenses*.

Joyce, her successor, died January 19th, 1680, and her epitaph is still less poetical :

“ Here lies she who's Soul to Heav'n's fled, yet her grave,
That is entrusted with her sacred Reliques shall have
This true Inscription, that it contains the dust
Of one that was Vertuous, Pious, Chaste, and Just.”

Elizabeth, “daughter of Bridstocke Harford,” who married John, son of Henry Hyett of The Broom, Eardisland, in 1688, must have been daughter or granddaughter of the old man. Dr. Harford died in 1695, and his monument in the south transept bore the inscription :

“CONTRA . VIM . MORTIS .
NON . EST . MEDICAMEN . IN . HORTIS.”*

His only son, Bridstock, became a barrister-at-law, and with Paul Foley represented the City of Hereford in Parliament in the 19th year of Charles II's reign. Dying in his father's lifetime† (1683), he was under fifty, but had found leisure to marry three wives. The first was Catherine, “second sister to Sir Compton Reade of Shipton in y^e county of Oxon, baronet,” as her epitaph explains. The Cathedral poet wrote a verse in her honour, March, 1665 :

“ A pure Chaste wife under this Marble lyes,
Whose Vertues live although her Bodie dies ;
Farewell, farewell now (oh happy Soule),
Sith none but God above can death controule.”

She left two sons, Bridstock Harford, third and last of the name, and John, who matriculated at St. John's, Oxford, on March 18th, 1658. The Chancellor's letter, read in Convocation, October 3rd, 1673, on behalf of John Harford, M.A., asks that he may have leave to accumulate the degrees in Physic. There is no record of his having done so, but his tombstone described him as “professor of medicine.” A slab, formerly let into the pavement of St. Catherine's aisle in

* No garden grows a herb to stem the power of Death.

† Will proved June 3rd, 1686.

Hereford Cathedral, recorded the death of John Harford, November 21st, 1681, with the motto :

“ANIMAM . DEO . REDDENS
MORTALITATIS . EXUVIAS . DEPOSUIT.”*

The Oxford document has a curious note on its reverse side, confusing him with his ancestor, John Harford of Bosbury :

“This John Harford purchased much of the monasteries dissolved by Henry VIII. He married Anne, daughter of Sir John Scroop of Castlecombe, third in descent from Richard, Lord Scroop of Upsall ; he had issue four sons and four daughters, and died 1559.”

After the death of Catherine Reade, Bridstock Harford, M.P., married Dorothy Davies of Monachty, Co. Radnor, widow of John Vaughan of Hergest, and when she died without issue he contracted a third marriage with Elizabeth Brydges (widow of John Dannet of Bosbury), who survived him.† Her only child, Mary Harford, was born in 1681.

The third Bridstock Harford, Mary's half-brother, died a bachelor in 1713 at the age of sixty. That was not entirely his fault, for in January, 1678, Bridstock Harford, of the City of Hereford, and Frances Bright of the same place, spinster, jointly applied to the Vicar-General of Canterbury for a special licence enabling them to get married either at St. Martin's, Hereford, or at Dormington or Weobley. Both ages were given as “about thirty-one,” which, at all events, was true of the expectant bridegroom. Whether one or both drew back at the last moment is a mystery, but the application was cancelled. Perhaps this ill-fated attempt prejudiced Bridstock against matrimony, contrary to the practice of his ancestors. In 1702 he dwelt in a house in St. Owen's Street, and was described as Bachelor of Physic.‡ Tradition relates that he founded almshouses in the same street in

* His soul he gave to God : the husk alone is here.

† Will proved May 31st, 1742.

‡ Mayor of Hereford, 1697.

1699.* With his death ended the male line of Henry Harford of Bosbury.

Mary Harford married, as his third wife, Lieutenant-Colonel James Jones, son of Griffith Jones, of Trewern. He fought at Blenheim and received a sword of honour from Queen Anne. From this marriage the late Sir Harford James Jones-Brydges, Bt., was descended, and with his death in 1891 Mary Harford's male line became extinct. She herself died in 1755. After her husband's death in 1713, Mary married Dr. Broughton, of Kington, by whom she had two daughters. Neither of them left issue. Edward Lucas-Scudamore, of Kentchurch, is her present representative through his grandmother, Sarah Laura Jones-Brydges.

HENRY HARFORD, 1531-1615, will proved, London, 10 Nov., 1615; bur. at Warminster; M. i. Stockton, 1568, Katherine, and had issue *a*; M. ii. Alice Bradstock, or Bridstock, who survived him, and had issue *b*:

a. RICHARD HARFORD, B. and D. 1569.

BARBOROWE HARFORD, B. 1571.

RICHARD HARFORD, B. 157-; Buried at Bosbury, 1601.

HENRY HARFORD, B. and D. 1579.

HENRY HARFORD, B. 1581; living 1634; issue, ANNE HARFORD, B. before 1615.

b. BRIDSTOCK HARFORD, M.D., 1607-1695; M. i. Elizabeth, dau. of Richard Hereford of Sufton, D. 23 Feb., 1669; M. ii. Joyce, D. 19 Jan., 1686, and had by the former:

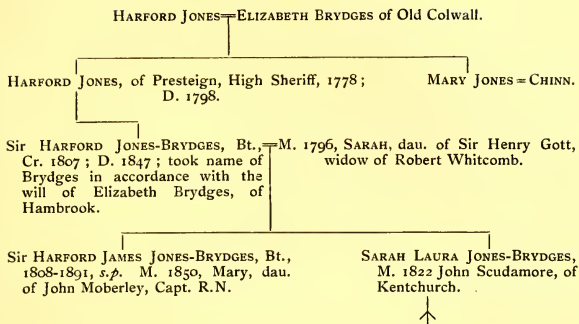
BRIDSTOCK HARFORD, M.P., 1634-1683; M. i. Catherine Reade, D. 1665, and had issue *a*; M. ii. Dorothy Davies, *s. p.*; M. iii. 1680, Elizabeth Brydges, widow of Thomas Dannett of Bosbury, and had issue *b*:

a. BRIDSTOCK HARFORD, 1654-1713, *s. p.*

JOHN HARFORD, M.D., D. 1681, *s. p.*

b. MARY HARFORD, 1681-1755; M. i. Lt.-Col. James Jones, D. 1713, and had issue HARFORD JONES, whom see later; M. ii. Dr. Broughton, D. 1765, and had two daughters, of whom Mrs. Kinsey was the survivor. Neither left issue.

* Quoted by C. J. R.



There only remains Anthony, youngest son of John Harford, of whose life little is known. A fine brass in Old Colwall Church, where he was buried in 1590, represents him in armour, with his wife, Elinor Drewe,* who died the previous year in childbirth. Anthony Scrope, brother of Anne Harford, and his wife, Anne Scrope, were apparently also living at Colwall, as they were buried there in 1558 and 1559 respectively. Old Colwall Church is built of red sandstone, partly modern, but the south aisle is Transitional Norman. A fine yew, of great antiquity, grows near the west wall of the tower. Anthony and Elinor left five children, three of whom grew up: Richard, Anthony, Mary, who married a Wright; † John, baptised November, 1586, and Elinor in June, 1589.

Richard, the eldest son, went to Holmer, near Hereford, and afterwards to Bosbury, thence during the Civil War to Somersetshire. ‡ Mary, his wife, survived him; she was buried at Pipe in 1649, and her

* Called Elizabeth on her monument, but Elinor in the register.

† *Visitation of Hereford.*

‡ F. K. Harford's Notes.

will proved December 2nd of the same year. They had three daughters : Magdalen, married at Bosbury in 1629 to Brian Acton, of Lyde ; Mary, wife of Thomas Seaborne, and Elizabeth, living at her mother's death. To the fate of John, like that of his uncle and namesake, there is no clue.

Anthony Harford, second of the name, settled at Bosbury, and married Eleanor Stafford of Broadfield, Berks, widow of Francis Welsburne. She died in October, 1631, greatly beloved. Her tomb bore the inscription :

" VITA . FVMO . FVGACIOR .
MEMENTO . QVAM . SIS . BREVIS . EVI."*

George Wall, Vicar of Bosbury, made a Latin entry in the register to the effect that "she was, by me and all her neighbours, deservedly remembered." She left two sons.

Anthony Harford, third of the name, left Bosbury, and took holy orders. Like all his family, he strongly upheld the Parliamentary side, and felt the new wine stirring in the old bottles. In 1631 a remark of his, in a sermon preached in Dorsetshire, came to the ears of the Privy Council, and he was haled before that august body, but failed to explain it to their satisfaction. It ran thus :—" *Juvenile consilium, privatum commodum* is a coat fit cut for this kingdom." It may be a dark allusion to the fate of King Rehoboam, who lost his crown through the counsels of young men. That is the opinion of a learned divine, who says that a Jewish proverb counted "consilium juvenile" as one of the four evil things. He sees a political application of the phrase in the conduct of Charles I, who entrusted power to such a man as Buckingham, and refused to redress popular grievances, which might be regarded as a proof that the King and his Counsellors sought their own advantage instead of the good of the people. The explan-

* As a vapour, life is fleeting,
Think how brief thine own may be.

ations of "Master Anthony Harford, Curate and Preacher of Beaminster," were possibly more disloyal than the original sermon, for he was sentenced to remain in custody until further order.*

He died at Dartmouth in 1655, and was buried at St. Saviour's, having made his will in August of that year.† He left his son Daniel "lands in Ireland, purchased of the Parliament." This Daniel Harford matriculated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, November 7th, 1651.‡ He probably settled on the Irish property, and his son was loyal to the last Stuart King, for in 1698, among a list of the officers of ten regiments broken in Ireland by order of William III, appears the name of Cornet Daniel Harford, Brigadier W. Wolseley's Regiment of Horse, in the service of James II.§ The elder Daniel's brother John matriculated at Pembroke College, Oxford, November 19th, 1651, and the portion bequeathed him by his father consisted of "the moneys I lent the Parliament." He is said to have married Blanche Kyrle—a Herefordshire name. The Rev. Anthony's will also alludes to a third son, Nathaniel; his daughters, Maria and Elizabeth; and his son-in-law, William Baylie. His brother Richard, who is also mentioned, had a son, Emanuel Harford,|| who matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford, June 15th, 1657, and two daughters, Hannah and Anstice.

* *Reg. Concil. Car. I*, vol. vii., p. 199.

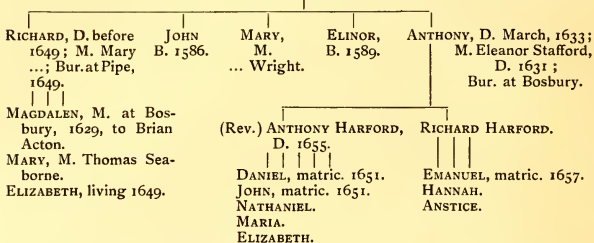
† Proved May, 1656.

‡ *Fasti Oxonienses*.

§ Daniel Harford was appointed Cornet to Captain John Achmouty, on December 29th, 1691; placed on half-pay 1697; drawing half-pay in March, 1702; a Lieutenant in the Duke of Ormonde's Regt. of Horse in Ireland, 1703.—Dalton's *English Army Lists and Commission Registers*.

|| Emanuel Harford, ejected incumbent of Upton Noble, Co. Somerset, died at Taunton in 1706, æt. 66. His age tallies with that of Emanuel Harford who went to Oxford in 1657, great-grandson of John Harford, of Bosbury. (*Nonconformist Memorials*: Saml. Palmer, 1803.)

ANTHONY HARFORD, Bur. at Colwall, 1590; M. Elinor Drewe, Bur. at Colwall, 1589.



Note.—The scene of Edna Lyall's novel, *In Spite of All*, is placed at Bosbury, and she herself is buried there. She gives a softened pen-portrait of the old physician, Bridstock Harford, and endows him with an elder son who, like her plot, is purely imaginary.

Chapter I.—Marshfield.

A CURIOUS and welcome survival of a small 17th century town, stranded on a high, wind-swept plateau nearly 800 ft. above sea-level. There is a wide, clear outlook over great spaces of down and moorland, seamed with small sheltered combs, to far blue horizons; the breadth, the freedom, the distances, as well as the aloofness, belonging to upland districts.

In Saxon times the name was probably Marchfield, lying as it did on the marches of Mercia and Wessex. Eight miles from Bath, twelve from Bristol, the main road from London and Chippenham runs between the clustered Tudor and Stuart houses. Arable land, marked off by stone walls and mixed with woodland, surrounds the town and its five hamlets, which in the year 1700 numbered close on 800 folks, including thirty freeholders with a right of common pasturage. The chief industry appears to have been malting. A fine old Perpendicular church,* picturesque almshouses dated 1630, with the arms of Crispe over the gateway, an ancient inn, "The Catherine Wheel," and a mace presented by Charles I in the days of his prosperity, are relics of a time when the place was of far greater importance.

I sought to solve the mystery of our descent by working downwards from Bosbury and upwards from Charles Harford of Marshfield, from whose marriage in 1656 all was clear. In March, 1904, the Vicar of Marshfield, Canon Trotman, allowed me to borrow a printed copy of the earliest parochial registers. They began at the end of Queen Mary's reign, and contained, to my surprise, about 250 Harford

* Built by the Abbot of Tewkesbury, temp. Edw. IV.

entries from 1558 to 1691. The spelling varied much. Up to 1564 the name was written Herford, then Harford for eleven years, when Harvorde was adopted and retained until 1635. Then the *f* was resumed and the name crystallised into its present form.

Early in Queen Elizabeth's reign there were half-a-dozen Harford families living and multiplying at Marshfield—Richard, Edward, Thomas, and two, if not three, Williams. An inflexible hereditary rule as to baptismal names complicates the various descents. William, Thomas, John, Mark; Joan, Alice, Mary, Elizabeth, occur with a maddening absence of particulars.

No extra details in the registers apply to the Harfords; they never fell off apple-trees on Sundays, breaking their necks, neither were they found drowned in pools or smothered in snowdrifts; there is no Harford girl among the single women who brought babies to holy baptism. A certain lack of drama, of genius, of originality, makes their history deficient in light and shade. The family motto, *Inter Utrumque Tene** (Keep the golden mean) has unconsciously influenced the race. Mme. de Boigne aptly calls this phrase the nearest approach to commonsense that circumstances permit. It may mean, according to the point of view, the power of seeing both sides of a question, a broader, juster outlook, or the hesitation that fails to grasp a situation and waits for any breeze to blow to any shore.

There is in Marshfield churchyard a fine double altar-tomb of carved stone, the two upper slabs clamped together with iron; each of the four sides bears two shield-shaped tablets, but the lettering is all defaced except a few words: "Mary, wife of John Harford . . . 17 . . ." A window-sill, at the east end of the south aisle in the fine old church, is inscribed to the memory of Mark Harvord, 1612-1682, Sarah his wife, and their family. A brass chandelier in the chancel was the gift of two churchwardens, Mark Harvord and

* Ovid, *Metamorphoses*: first adopted by Joseph Harford, 1745.

Edward Tiley, 1726. The former's death was recorded in March, 1729. None of the clan, once so numerous, were living in Marshfield in 1906. Canon Trotman remembered the last survivor, an old Miss Harford, in a large house now divided into two dwellings.

On March 7th, 1570, Mark, son of William Harford, was baptised at Marshfield. Further back there is no certainty. The grandfather may have been Edward Harford, whose death took place in 1592, as his name occurs in Mark's descendants. The mother's name seems to have been Margaret, who died in 1602 in her husband's lifetime. A second William Harford married Alice Moone in 1574, and the wife of a third was Joan, mentioned in his will, proved 1630, as well as his "cousin Marke Harvorde."

A flashlight glimpse of Mark in the year 1608 is afforded to his descendants by favour of James I, who ordered a census of men and armour to be taken in Gloucestershire.* Marke Harvorde of Marshfield is described as a trained soldier, who must have fought in Queen Elizabeth's wars; he was of middle height and suited to carry a musket; a maltster, aged about forty. Musketeers were chosen from strong men, square, of good solid build and well-knit constitutions; they wore an iron head-piece called a morion. In 1601 Mark must have left the army and settled down, marrying Ellen Alsopp, who died childless in October, 1626. Mark's second marriage† did not take place at Marshfield, but it must have been shortly after Ellen's death, as his eldest son Thomas was born in December, 1627. Charles, our ancestor, was baptised May 17th, 1631, Edward followed in 1632 and John in 1636. Mark Harford, sen., as the church register describes him, was buried November 12th, 1652, in a ripe old age. No echoes of the Civil War are preserved in the family annals. Mark Harford, too old to carry his musket, may have seen the smoke of Lansdown,

* *Men and Armour in Gloucestershire in 1608.* Sotheran & Co., 1902.

† A stone slab in the church, to "Mary, wife of Mark Harfold, buried Sept. 1677," may denote this second wife. There is no entry in the register of this burial; the inscription may have been put in the church by Thomas and Charles Harford.

and questioned fugitives from the battle. His son Charles was living in Bristol when Cromwell destroyed the Castle so thoroughly that barely a stone of it is left. After Mark's death, Charles set off to seek his fortune in the great city, while his elder brother, called Yeoman in an old deed, remained at Marshfield.

The scene now changes to Bristol, where on March 22nd, 1656, after banns, Charles Harford was married at St. Peter's Church to Mary Bushe. From this marriage the Harfords of Blaise Castle and of Stapleton are descended.* In 1680 Charles Harford bought a soap-house, "for boyling black sope," in Hallyers' or Hauliers' Lane, near St. John's Church, adjoining the river From and the city walls. He gave £415, and promptly leased or sold it for £440 to his son Edward, and Thomas Harford of Marshfield, Yeoman.

Charles Harford's firm, legible signature exists, dated "Bristoll, 3rd mo. 1683," and it is also appended to various marriage certificates. He was evidently a man of education, as in 1697 he and William Penn† were appointed by the Society of Friends "to visit our Latin schools, and give them counsel and advice."

Soon after his first marriage, Charles joined the Society of Friends, lately founded by George Fox. No doubt he was one of the three or four thousand people present at the open-air meetings in Bristol, and, swept away by the burning enthusiasm of the preacher, seemed to hear the Voice of God calling him to renounce outward and visible signs and to be content with the inner spiritual grace. Persecution, fines, imprisonment and contempt were the lot of the early Quakers. In November, 1656, Oliver Cromwell sent for James Naylor, Dorcas Erbury and other Quaker preachers from Bristol to London. The Parliament sentenced Naylor to stand two hours in the

* The Harfords of Down Place, Windsor, have a different origin, their ancestor being a natural son of Frederic, seventh Lord Baltimore, by Hester Rhelan, who adopted the name of Harford for herself and her two children. Mr. John Francis, who lately added the name of Harford to his own for professional reasons, has no connection with our family.

† Founder of Pennsylvania.

pillory, then to be whipt, his tongue bored through with a hot iron, and his forehead stigmatized with the letter B. for Brawler.

In 1681 a severe persecution of the Quakers took place in Bristol at the hands of the High Sheriff. Their meeting-houses at the Friars and in Temple Street were seized under pretext of a fine, and the fittings destroyed. Heavy fines were imposed on the members, including Charles Harford. Elizabeth, his second wife, was one of eighteen women who were roughly driven through the streets and imprisoned with much discomfort in Bridewell. Fifty Quakers in this one city were fined twenty pounds a month for not attending church.*

The first measures of relief were granted, oddly enough, by James II. On April 7th, 1687, his Declaration of Religious Tolerance was proclaimed in Bristol, and by a curious irony of fate it paved the way to his own dethronement, for it gave rise to a general impression that the next step would be the restoration of the Abbey lands.†

Charles Harford suffered all the horrors of a close imprisonment for his faith during four years, of which these touching letters give a faint description.

ANNO 1684.—In this year the Prisoners at *Bristol* writ an *Epistle* to the Yearly Meeting of their Friends in *London*.

BRISTOL.—*Newgate, the 17th of the third month.*

The friends who have been long prisoners in *Bridewell* for not answering by money the keeper's demands, they being his prisoners though kept there, he did on the 2nd instant remove them hither, so that the number of prisoners in this gaol is above one hundred, and are so crowded for lodging in close, dark, damp, and dungeon-like holes, and many in one place called *Paul's*, where never any was put before to lodge that ever we know or heard of. We say, these things cry aloud, but many hearts are hard, and those who might remedy will not hear, or at least not regard. . . . Many are so void of compassion as to impute it wholly our faults. And some do

* Clarkson's *Life of Penn.*

† Barrett's *Bristol*.

account we are used too well. These things we mention rather to inform Friends, how we are, rather than to complain. Indeed, God hath been so good to us, and still is so, that it doth outbalance all these light Afflictions. He hath given Health, and also preserved the same in several appearances of very great Danger, which Mercy is even to a wonder. He hath given Comfort, Content, Unity, Peace and Love amongst us greatly ; and by His fatherly Care hath so provided always for us that we have had no Want. For all which mercies we desire you with us to praise the Lord, and to pray unto Him for us here, that God would for ever keep us in faithfulness to Him, that we may become even as Monuments of His Mercy, that He who alone is worthy, who is all and doth all, may have all the Honour now, henceforth and for ever.

Within this week we are pulled and haled out, and not suffered to meet together, as hath been formerly allowed us to do. Nay, they will not suffer it, though all in one and the same gaol ; the keeper saith he hath orders for it from his Masters. And so we were thrust and locked into several Places. But in these things they have no conquest nor glory thus to oppress the Innocent, even in their Prison, where they have thus thrust us in heaps. But in this is our Rejoicing, that they cannot keep God from us, by whose Power we are kept in patience to suffer these things from the hands of men to whom we never did any harm, to whom God grant repentance. . . . In your approaches to the Throne of Grace forget not us, who have none in Heaven but the Lord, nor desire any on earth but Him only. . . .

In truth of love we remain your Friends,

CHARLES HARFORD.

RICHARD SNEAD.

CHARLES JONES.

ANNO 1685.—The prisoners above-mentioned still continuing under confinement wrote another epistle in the 4th month as follows :

DEAR FRIENDS AND BRETHREN!—This being a season wherein you may be glad, as well as desirous to see, or at least to hear from one another as fellow-members of that living Body of which *Christ Jesus* is Head, we thought it not unreasonable that you might hear from us who, though still in Bonds, yet in good satisfaction, knowing that Affliction is that in which all the Righteous in all ages ever passed to God's heavenly Kingdom. This is our God, and as we have waited on Him

He hath suffered us to want no good thing, neither hath anything seemed hard to us, insomuch that we can truly say: It is manifold better to suffer with the People of God than to enjoy the pleasures of this sinful World.

Dear Friends! In your approaches to the Lord, pray to Him for us: that God would keep us faithful by His Divine Grace to serve him in meekness, holy fear and innocency unto our Lives' end. This hath been the hope and end of our calling from the dark Ways in the World to the marvellous Light of Christ Jesus which hath shined in our Hearts, through which we have seen the Way of Life, and know Him which is the Truth, and there is not another. God enable us to love Him above all, and to cleave to Him through the loss of all.

Praise God with us, that he has thus made us worthy to suffer for His Name's sake only. We are not quite an hundred; are well, and in good Content, Peace, and Love, wanting nothing. We pray God keep you and crown your Assemblies with His ancient Glory. Amen.

We subscribe for ourselves and the rest,

Your faithful Friends and Brethren,

RICHARD SNEAD,
CHARLES HARFORD,

CHARLES JONES,
PAUL MOON.

BRISTOL.—*Newgate, the fourth month, 1685.*

After this manner continued they in Christian patience and meekness, till the coming out of King *James's* Proclamation for a free pardon, with his special warrant for comprehending the *Quakers* therein. Upon which they were set at liberty, and from thenceforth the persecution in this city for their religious meeting together entirely ceased.*

* * * *

Charles Harford was fined over three hundred pounds in 1683 before his imprisonment. He cannot have been released before April, 1687. His son Charles had been locked up in Newgate in 1682, in a room called the Anchor, with four others.*

* Besse's *Sufferings of the Quakers*, 1753, Vol. I., pp. 72-74.

Political and civil disabilities lasted into the 19th century. Their principles forbade the Army and Navy, the Universities rejected their sons, civic dignities required oaths they could not take. They formed a separate tribe in the midst of the nation, united by ties of friendship and marriage; their means of livelihood, trade and agriculture; their recreation, literature. During a hundred and fifty years, five generations of our family retained that faith. Judging from their letters and papers, while firmly holding to essentials, they showed a breadth of mind and wide tolerance in petty matters, avoiding the affectation of *thee* and *thou*, refusing to submit to the universal livery of grey or drab, and using the ordinary names of months and days.

Edward, great-grandson of Charles Harford, writing in 1763,* says: "Tho' I may be censured for daring to believe and practise what may be thought by many contrary to the received opinions of the Church, I am open to conviction, and will not shut my ears against instruction, and hope I shall always make use (to the best of my knowledge) of that reason and judgment with which it has pleased Providence to endue me, and always act what I think my duty as a Christian and as a Subject. . . . Every Church or Society that expects and insists on an exact Uniformity in behavior and sentiments amongst its Members, and oppresses all those that don't conform thereto, will prove a persecuting Church. . . . We can no more think and act alike than we can make our features alike, for which reason we sh^d not despise those who scruple what we practise, nor judge those that practise what we scruple. . . . Hypocrisy is what I ever detested, and I shall always chuse to appear what I am, not what I am not; but whenever I am convinced in my Conscience that it's my Duty to alter my dress, language, and behaviour, I'll readily do it, for I much applaud them that really think it their absolute duty to conform thereto, but I am afraid too many put on that dress only as sanction to cover a multitude of sins."

* To T. Pemberton.

Charles Harford lived in the parish of St. Philip's, now covered with a network of busy streets and iron rails, but a 17th century map shows it as a pleasant garden-suburb between the two rivers, Avon and From, the houses set among fields and orchards. In the last decade his two married sons dwelt in Wine Street, then a row of tall, narrow, gabled houses with square, small-paned windows, jutting fronts and swinging signs, such as may still be seen here and there in Germany, while Temple and Maryleport Streets still contain a few. Early in the 18th century the old high timbered dwellings and narrow roadways were surrounded with well-planned wider streets and Georgian squares of brick and stone.* Charles had six children by his first wife, Mary Bushe. Edward, his eldest son, our ancestor, was evidently named after his father's younger brother, who died at Marshfield in 1656 at the age of twenty-four. Charles, the second son, married Rachel Truman, and many of their descendants are living in and around London.† Mark and John followed, the latter dying in childhood, and the former in 1707. Mary, the eldest daughter, married Abraham Lloyd of Winterbourne in 1685, and Martha married John Scandrett in 1688. Her daughter, Martha Scandrett, became the wife of William Battersby, and it was their youngest and only surviving son‡ who, in 1812, left his name and fortune to Abraham Gray Harford. Mrs. Charles Harford must have died shortly after the birth of her younger daughter in 1667, for on April 16th, 1671, Charles married Elizabeth Cox, who lived until 1706. Charles Harford survived his eldest son four years, dying December 4th, 1709, in his seventy-ninth year. His will divides house property, with or

* *Bristol*, by Alfred Harvey, M.B.

† "Captain Harford, a prominent naval officer, late of H.M.S. *Chanticleer*, was drowned last week (October 19th), with several of his crew, by the upsetting of his boat off Yarmouth, in foul weather. His remains were interred with the honours of war, the *Chanticleer* firing minute guns. Two hundred of the Cambridge Regiment attended, with their officers and band. The pall was supported by six post-captains, and all the officers and part of the ship's company attended." (From the *Bristol Mirror*, Saturday, November 5th, 1808). He was great-grandson of the original Charles Harford. His only brother, Captain John Harford, died exactly a fortnight previously, on October 4th, 1808, at Prince of Wales' Island, Penang.

‡ William Battersby, born September 16th, 1737; died 1812.

without land, at Littleton near Tormarton, at Frenchay, and near the Hot Well, Clifton, besides seven houses in Temple Street, near the Cross, among his descendants. The Friends' place of worship in Temple Street went to Mary Lloyd, and the Swan Inn, still existing in Maryleport Street, to Martha Scandrett. Other bequests were three silver tankards and a mug, a clock, and a "broade piece of old gold." Under five thousand pounds went in legacies, including ninety-five for the benefit of poor Quakers, and twenty for the poor of Marshfield; the residue to trustees for his son Edward's children.

There is little to be said of the first Edward, eldest son of Charles Harford. Born May 3rd, 1658, he was probably educated at the schools of the Society of Friends in the old convent of Black Dominican Friars which they had purchased, facing the site of the Castle in Broadmead. It was commonly nick-named Quaker Friars, which may have originated a strange rumour current in Bristol in 1654 that the Quakers were really Franciscan Friars, and the over-zealous magistrates issued warrants for their arrest as emissaries of Rome in disguise.*

Part of the cloisters still remain, and an ancient stone fountain set in a wall. The waters flow through a lion's mouth, above which are traces of a stone canopy. The church had been destroyed, but two long halls, the refectory, and a guest-chamber or dormitory, now used as schoolrooms, retain their fine carved fire-places and stone-mullioned windows. In the former, the great oaken roof-beams rise and cross in beautiful curves, forming a crown. There are ancient tables and cupboards, chairs of black carved oak, and a fine pulpit used as a teacher's desk. A small room adjoining the refectory, perhaps the Prior's parlour, has two buttery hatches. Above the fire-place hangs a round mirror, and higher up an oblong bit of exquisite enamel and mother-o'-pearl, set in a wide carved frame. Stone-paved

* See Appendix.

courts lead to a modern meeting-house, facing a square of green turf inlet with small flat slabs of plainly-lettered stone.

In 1680 Edward and his cousin, Thomas Harford* of Marshfield, began making soap in the factory his father had bought of John Gore. Nine years later, on October 10th, 1689, he was married before the assembly of Friends to Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Jones, and great-granddaughter of Hugh Jones, Bishop of Llandaff, who was buried at Mathern in 1574, and whose family had held the Manor of Putley, Co. Hereford, for several generations.† Until 1697 they lived in Wine Street, formerly Wynch or Pillory Street, and then moved to the Royal Fort on St. Michael's Hill, at that time outside the city. Edward's death in his father's lifetime at the comparatively early age of forty-seven, when his eldest son was a lad of fourteen, left his wife the responsibility of bringing up their large family. Ten children were born to them, of whom three died young, while three sons and four daughters grew up and married. Edward, the eldest son, was our ancestor; the second, Mark, married Love,‡ daughter of Colonel John Andrews. They lived at Frenchay, and some of their descendants bore the name of Lloyd Harford.

Charles, born in 1704, married Mary Beck in 1738, and is the ancestor of the Harfords of Stapleton—a numerous clan. He was on the Committee for the relief of French prisoners at Bristol, a work of mercy and charity that cost him his life, for in his constant visits to the unfortunate men he caught a fever, and died in February, 1747. His son, Joseph Harford of Stapleton, "the friend of Burke," was twice offered a seat in Parliament. He was a Justice of the Peace for Gloucestershire, and High Sheriff of Bristol in 1779 and again in 1786.§ When Richard Champion was starting his celebrated porcelain

* Born 1659.

† C. J. Robinson's *Herefordshire*.

‡ "June 22, 1777.—My aunt Rogers being called out of Meeting, I followed her and learnt that Love Harford (whose sufferings were as hidden as her worth) was released the preceding night at Frenchay" (Sarah Champion's Journal, unpublished).

§ Mayor of Bristol, 1794.

works in Castle Green, Joseph Harford became his partner and, as well as Mark Harford, largely helped to finance the undertaking.* A beautiful set of tea-china marked "J. H." is supposed to have been made for him, but a biscuit-plaque in the British Museum,† with the arms of Harford impaling Lloyd, must have been intended for his cousin, Mark Harford, who married a Lloyd in 1762. The partnership was dissolved in February, 1769, but the capital was not withdrawn. Joseph Harford was a man of great natural abilities and highly-cultivated mind, with unusual powers of memory. Besides Greek and Latin, he was thoroughly acquainted with the languages and literature of Spain, France, Italy, and Portugal. Like his father he showed an interest in prisoners of war, becoming chairman of a committee to ameliorate the lot of American prisoners in 1778. He possessed some fine porcelain and tortoise-shell from the spoils of two privateers, *The Duke* and *The Duchess*, which reached England in 1712, bringing Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe, from Juan Fernandez.

Mrs. Damaris Daniel, daughter of Major Wade who was wounded at Sedgemoor, assured Joseph Harford that Selkirk had told her that he had "placed his papers in the hands of Defoe." Mr. Harford immediately wrote to the Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*,‡ who published the fact, adding: "Mr. Harford has thus proved what was always believed to be the case, namely, that Daniel Defoe wrote *Robinson Crusoe* from Selkirk's papers."

Joseph's son and grandson were distinguished for their learning, and later descendants for their love of soldiering.§ Nature intended Frederick Kill Harford|| for an artist, and had his father not mistakenly urged him to take orders, his many-sided nature would have found its

* *History of Ceramic Art in Bristol*, Hugh Owen, F.S.A., 1873.

† Franks' Collection.

‡ See "Correspondence," 1785-87-88.

§ Captain Charles Joseph Harford, 12th Royal Lancers, and his brother, Captain S. H. Harford, fought in the Crimea and in the Indian Mutiny.

|| 1832-1906. Minor Canon of Westminster.



JOSEPH HARFORD, of Stapleton, F.R.S.

From a painting by Peter Wilkin.

In the possession of the Duchess of Beaufort.

true development. An exquisite sculptured medallion of the Shepherd, crowned with thorns, carrying a lamb in His arms, hangs at Blaise Castle—his work, and his gift. Gustave Doré's pictures owed much to his counsels and criticism, and their friendship was true and close.* It was F. K. Harford who, in the presence of Sir George Grove, suggested to Doré the subject of his fine picture, "Christ leaving the Prætorium," a scene in the great Drama that no painter had hitherto attempted. The dark background against which the central Figure is standing was another suggestion, instantly adopted by the artist with striking success.

1135719

Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, was married at eighteen to Richard Summers. Her only child, Sarah, first married a Colesworthy, and secondly, in 1750, Francis Bowen, of Prendergast in Pembrokeshire. Molly and Betsy Colesworthy are mentioned in their great-grand-mother's will in 1758. Two other daughters of Edward and Elizabeth were childless, but the third daughter, Mary Harford, married Francis Browne at St. Leonard's Church, Bristol, in 1735, and descendants of her son Francis are living at Croydon (1906).

The mother of this large family lived to the age of eighty-eight, honoured and beloved, and was buried like all the Harfords, with one exception, in the Friends' cemetery, called Redcliff Pit. Her eldest son, Charles, a boy of twelve, was buried at Quaker Friars.

Edward Harford, second of the name, was born on Shrove Sunday, February 7th, 1691, and like his mother lived to be eighty-eight. As a boy of nine he stood in Redcliffe Street when Queen Anne visited Bristol, September 3rd, 1702, and saw her get into her coach with the Prince of Denmark.† A small oil-painting by Routh in 1779 represents him in a plain coat of crimson cloth, showing bands of white cambric at throat and wrist. His grey curled wig frames a shrewd, humorous face, with twinkling blue-grey eyes, large nose, and finely-cut mouth and chin. Edward showed a spirit of enterprise in

* *Life of G. Doré*, Blanchard Jerrold,

† Quoted in Corry's *Hist. of Bristol*, 1816.

1724, when he began importing hogsheds of tobacco from Virginia. By and by his own ship, *The York*, sailed to and fro, and fifty years afterwards his yearly profits ran into many thousands. Windy Hill and Windmill Hill recall the small mills set up for grinding snuff. The last of these snuff-mills stood on Kingsweston Down, and was still upright in the eighties, minus its sails.

The very words, "Merchant Venturers," have a stirring sound—the Knights Errant of trade. Ships like those of John and Sebastian Cabot came sailing up the estuary of the Severn until the anchor was dropped in Kingroad. There they waited until they could be towed or drift up the Avon on a flood-tide, past the rocky point, and the small cave-chapel in St. Vincent's rocks where Mass used to be said for the outgoing vessels, to the wharves in the heart of the city. Privateers went out to sea, and either returned with rich prizes or were carried into a French port. *The Duke* and *The Duchess*, fitted out by Bristol merchants in 1708, brought home £170,000 in prizes. Two London privateers arrived in 1745 with the spoils of two Spanish galleons; the money and silver plate weighed over two and a half million ounces, and twenty-two waggons, guarded by soldiers, conveyed them to London. A list of forty-one privateers with some of their ventures exists, undated, in the hand-writing of Edward Harford. The capture of a ship sailing from Bayonne to Scotland with "armes, ammunition and money for the Rebels," points to the middle of the 18th century. Cargoes of tobacco, snuff, elephants' teeth, coffee, sugar, Canadian furs, Cape Breton fish, "oyle," and whalebone were brought up the Avon. The *Portmahon* captured five vessels; the *Southwell*, of 400 tons, carrying fourteen guns and 400 men, recaptured four British ships and took eight French, including three privateers. The *Alexander* re-took the *Solebay*, a British man-of-war with twenty guns and 202 men, cutting her out of St. Martin's with only fifty sailors. Largest of all the privateers was the *Bristol*, of 550 tons, thirty guns, and a crew of 300 men. The *Mediterranean* was captured

and carried into Bayonne, after her crew of sixty had killed forty Frenchmen.*

There is no record of slave-dealing among the Harford papers ; it was strictly forbidden to the Quakers.

A Brass Battery Company, started at Keynsham in 1706, numbered three or four generations of the family among its members, and there are frequent allusions to tin and copper from Cornish mines.

When the second Edward was about five-and-twenty he fell in love with Elizabeth Lloyd, and the story of his courtship has been handed on as a family tradition. Louisa, wife of the younger John Scandrett Harford, wrote it down from the lips of her mother-in-law as follows :

“ Old Mr. Edward Harford, my husband’s great-grandfather, who died in 1780, was, about one hundred years ago, paying his addresses to a Miss Lloyd, who then lived at Stoke Bishop in the house which belonged to Colonel Webb. At this period, *Tea* had but recently been introduced into England, and was considered as a great luxury. One evening he walked over, as usual, to pay his *devoirs*, but to his dismay found the lady’s countenance much overcast. He sat, and sat, and chatted, doing his best to be agreeable, but as no ray of sunshine darted athwart the gloom, he at length ventured to inquire what had occurred, and why her reception of him was so changed ? After some entreaty, she let him know that she had been much surprised and disappointed to be told that he ‘ never made any Tea, that he had no Tea-things in his house, and that he had said he never would have any.’ Upon this, with many protestations, he assured her that she had been completely misinformed, that he *did* take Tea, and that if she would honour his house with a visit, he would set his Tea-things before her, and she should see that he need *neither beg nor borrow*. It was all

* 1757. “ Privateers fitted out to cruise against the French, but many persons who hoped to make their fortunes were great losers ” (Barrett’s *Bristol*).

made up, and they married. I have not told it half as well as dear Mrs. Harford did the other evening, but I am *quite correct* as to the two speeches."

The marriage took place on October 15th, 1716, and shortly afterwards Elizabeth's sister, Mary Lloyd, married Edward's cousin, Charles Scandrett, each bride bringing a modest fortune of three thousand pounds. Edward and Elizabeth's only child was a son born in 1720, and named after his father. In November, 1723, Elizabeth, wife of Edward Harford, of the parish of St. Werburgh's, affirmed fidelity as a Quaker. She died in 1729, and although her husband survived her for fifty years he never married again. Before his death he had bought Miss Vaughan's estate at Charlton, the first piece of land in the parish of Henbury owned by a Harford. Edward Harford's will, dated August 20th, was proved on November the 7th, 1780. He entailed the Charlton property and his Brass Battery shares on his only son and his two surviving grandsons.

The third Edward Harford, born on Christmas Day, 1720, was, like his father, a Merchant Venturer, and helped him in all his undertakings, frequently posting to Cornwall and visiting the mines there. In 1769 he was one of the founders of the Harford Bank, but as far back as 1750 Harford Lloyd, grandson of old Charles Harford, had been one of the six original members of the Old Bank.* There was some dismay in Bristol in 1745, when Prince Charles Edward invaded the north of England. The citizens met in Merchants' Hall, and subscribed over thirty thousand pounds to resist his advance.

Edward Harford, junior, no doubt wished, like other Quakers, to fight by deputy, and among his papers is a verse in his handwriting, headed :

Spoke Extempore by a Soldier the day after he received a Flannel
Waistcoat thro' the bounty of the Quakers :

* *History of Banking in Bristol*, C. Cave.

Thy Friendly Waistcoat keeps my body warm,
Intrepid now I march and fear no harm.
Beyond a Coat of mail a sure defender,
Proof against Pope, the Devil, and Pretender.
The Highland Plaid of no such power can boast,
Armed thus I plunge the foremost in their host,
Exert my utmost art, my utmost might,
And fight for those whose Creed forbids to fight.

Early in 1744 Edward was corresponding in French with his cousin, Francis Rogers, and another young man; they seem to have met every Thursday for a long walk, combined with French conversation. A library catalogue shows that the second Edward possessed a varied collection of books, greatly increased by his son, who shared his love for history and travels, and added the works of Voltaire, Boileau, Corneille and Racine, besides Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope and Swift. Father and son possessed bookplates with the Bosbury coat-of-arms.

On March 7th, 1747, at the Meeting-house of Wigginshall, Warwickshire, Edward Harford, junior, married Sarah, only child of John Scandrett, the younger, and his wife Elizabeth Parkes. Edward and Sarah were second cousins through Martha Harford, who married the elder John Scandrett in 1688. Sarah's portrait hangs in the dining room at Blaise Castle, a small fragile woman in a blue gown with powdered hair. An amateur pencil-sketch upstairs represents her with a tiny waist and a vast hoop. Her handsome gold *châtelaine*, finely embossed, is also preserved, and two mourning rings made at her death in 1776, willows drooping over an urn. Other Scandrett relics are her father's portrait, his plump silver watch with his name lettered round the dial, and a gold buckle with John Scandrett and Elizabeth Parkes traced in hair under the crystal, dated 1720, the year of their marriage.

Sarah Harford's truly feminine collection of books consisted of *Pamela*, *La Belle Assemblée*, Ward's *Nuptial Dialogues*, possibly a wedding present, and *Selections from Shakespeare*.

She was somewhat of an heiress, her grandfather, Richard Parkes,

of Old Park, Wednesbury, having left his Birmingham property equally among his four daughters,* Sarah inheriting her mother's share in 1730. After her marriage, Sarah and her husband put in a claim to share in the property left by her other grandfather, John Scandrett, as representing his eldest son, her father. In 1758 they applied to the Court of Chancery to set aside a codicil to his will, made at the age of eighty, alleging incapacity and undue influence. The codicil gave the share of a lately-deceased son, Christopher, among Charles, Mary, and Martha Scandrett, omitting Sarah, whom he probably thought sufficiently provided for. Later on, in 1772, a third John, son of Charles Scandrett, dying unmarried, left his property at Lutteridge and Iron Acton to Edward Harford, and the rest to another cousin, William Battersby.

Edward and Sarah settled in Corn Street, Bristol, where seven children were born to them. Four girls dying in infancy and two sons unmarried, left John, the second son, to carry on the line. The elder son, Edward, was apprenticed to his parents in 1770, being then seventeen. John S. Harford afterwards received the freedom of Bristol and was apprenticed in his brother's place, for Edward died seven years later. Charles Edward, the third son, died in 1787 at the age of twenty-five.† Apparently he was then engaged to Susanna Ford, who became the adopted daughter of Edward Harford after his wife's death. John, who was winding up his brother's affairs, discovered that a ring had been ordered, and wrote to consult his father whether the young lady should receive it or not. However, he presented her with one thousand pounds out of the four belonging to his brother.

A small oil-painting by Routh in 1779, representing a delicate, grey-eyed lad in a bright green coat and muslin ruffles, is evidently a

* Mary Wilkinson, Elizabeth Scandrett, Jane Pemberton, and Sarah, who married Sampson Lloyd, of the Dolobran family, a banker in Birmingham. His grandmother was Elizabeth Lort of Stackpole. Edward Harford's letter-book reveals difficulties about his wife's Birmingham property, managed by "Cousin Pemberton," and the family black sheep, Sparrow, is constantly cropping up.

† "Charles Harford died of a putrid fever. He was near being married to Sukey Ford. December, 1787" (S. Champion's Journal).



SARAH, *née* SCANDRETT,
Wife of EDWARD HARFORD.

portrait of Edward and Sarah's youngest son, whose health seems to have given them constant anxiety. In 1767, and again the following year, the family went to Weymouth for sea-bathing, posting the sixty-seven miles through Shepton Mallet, Sherborne, and Dorchester, visiting churches, silk-mills, and Roman remains on the way with equal zest. Various items are noted in Edward's small precise writing, such as lists of the clothing in his valise, sights seen, books read, and expenses incurred. Lodgings for the six weeks came to fifteen pounds, which does not seem extravagant. Ted, Jack, and Charley, as their father calls them, were then aged respectively fifteen, fourteen, and six. Ted's sea-bathing cost a guinea and a half, besides a tip to the attendant. Jack kept a diary for two months in 1768, and mentions bathing-machines drawn in the sea by a horse. They constantly sailed and fished in a large boat, catching mackerel and whiting ; or went inland on horseback and in the chaise.

On Sunday, August 21st, at four in the afternoon, after waiting some days for a favourable wind, they embarked in the *Polly*, having agreed with Captain Vivian to take them across the Channel to Guernsey and the French coast. Edward Harford, his two elder boys, with Mr. Elton, Mr. Lippincott, Captain Read and his son, with two other men, made up the party. A rough, squally sea with contrary winds caused them to run for Cherbourg, which they reached in twenty-eight sea-sick hours. The boyish diary continues :

“ When we were off the Harbour we hoisted our English colours ; immediately a Boat came to us, and when they got alongside ask'd whence we came and where we were bound. We told them we intended to land at Cherburg, and agreed with them to put us on shore ; got out of the Vessell into their Boat, and they row'd us into the Harbour. It was dusk when we arrived, being eight o'clock in the evening, and immediately on our Landing some Officers came to us, and as we passed the Guard they just put their hands to Mr. Elton's coat pockets, but when we told them that our Trunks and Portmanteaux were left

aboard the ship, they very civilly wished us a good night. When I came on shore I cou'd hardly stand, everything seem'd to turn round, owing to the motion of the ship. My Father inquired of a gentleman he met in the street, who recommended him to the sign of the 'Ship,' which was kept by a frenchman with a full-trimmed Coat, Ruffles, and Bag-wig. Our Landlord conducted us upstairs to a Chamber (for the French Inns have no Parlours or Dining-rooms, but all Bed-chambers), where they laid the cloth for supper, put for each of us a four-prong silver fork, a silver spoon, and a small glass Tumbler, which held about a quarter of a Pint, but no knives, for it is the custom for every Frenchman to carry a knife in his pocket, with which they cut their meat. We told them we had got no knives and must have some; they could only raise amongst the whole family a few old rusty ones, for they never clean them. Then they serv'd up Supper, which consisted of Soups, Boil'd and roast fowls without any sauce, and so overdone that you might tear them to pieces. We asked for some melted Butter, and they brought up a silver Porringer full, turned to clear oil. We drank what they call *Vin de Campagne* out of the small glasses, the same as we do Cyder in England, for they had no Beer, and after supper we had Frontiniac and Burgundy, but could not get Champagne, which we wanted. They have stone Stairs at their Inns, which is not very common in England."

Next morning they went to hear Mass in the great church, and found it was a "specially solemn occasion, to pray the Queen of France's soul out of Purgatory." A black-draped coffin was placed on stools in the nave at the entrance to the choir, and Jack noticed with pleasure "a great Brass Spread Eagle like that in our Cathedral," also a fine altar-piece and other paintings; the one that struck him most was a Madonna with the Saviour in her arms, giving a string of beads to a nun, who knelt and offered a large blue plum in return for the rosary; a Franciscan friar knelt on the opposite side with great devotion. Beside the picture was a curious image of St. Patrick

carrying his head in his hands. Coming out, they met a little girl with her hair all dressed and powdered, and a long blue pigtail hanging down her back, while a country fellow driving a pig wore a smart wig and a gold button and loop on his hat. They ascended a hill, from whence they had a fine view over the neighbourhood, including the harbour, which had been destroyed by Commodore Howe ten years before their visit. A plan of Cherbourg and its fortifications previous to their destruction in 1689 is annexed to the diary.

The travellers hired horses to ride to Valogne, fifteen or sixteen miles off, through a forest infested in winter by hungry wolves. "In the afternoon, about four o'clock, when the horses came, we had a great many of the Boys in the Town to see so many Englishmen on Horse-back. They were very small, the biggest not more than 11 or 12 Hands high, with Saddle and Holster Bridles and Halters. Thus mounted, myself with a Silver-hilted Sword by my side, we rode on through the Loud Acclamations of the Boys." They reached Valogne before nine and put up at the sign of the "Turk's Head," a handsome building with a fine stone staircase and wrought-iron balustrades, painted and gilded though incrustated with dust and cobwebs, leading to large rooms with painted ceilings and good furniture, all unswept. "After supper," says Jack, "we were entertained with a Magick Lanthorn by two Italian Fellows, and had the company of our Landlady, a pretty free woman. When we went to bed, some of us climbed in from chairs; the beds were so excessive high, we had need of a Ladder."

Thursday, August 25th, there was to have been a review in honour of St. Louis' Day, the King's patron saint, but it was countermanded, though the white Colours were hoisted on the Royal ships, being twenty-two sail. Jack saw the soldiers march out, "very fine Fellows with Whiskers, white Uniform turned up with Blue, ye Officers very genteel and civil." He notes with pride that several of their party spoke French, besides his father, who acted as spokesman. The hotel bill came to two shillings a day each, including coffee and tea for

breakfast, soup, fowls, and plenty of fruit for dinner and supper, "much cheaper than in England, tho' not so good cooks." Thursday night they embarked in the *Polly*, and had a still rougher passage of thirty-five hours, landing at Weymouth at 5 a.m. on Saturday, August 27th, in good health and spirits.

Edward Harford brought his wife a piece of blue silk from France, possibly the blue scarf in her picture, and six pairs of French mittens. For himself he got silken handkerchiefs, a book, and a snuff-box.

His portrait, painted by Breda in 1798, gives one the idea of a quiet, thoughtful man with worn features and aquiline nose. He used to wear "a light brown waved two-curl wig," costing a guinea and a half, and his gold watch slipped into a variety of cases, tortoiseshell, gold, or enamel. His pale cinnamon morning gown of thick glossy brocade, and the richly-embroidered cream-satin waistcoat with immense flaps worn with it are preserved at Blaise Castle. In May, 1786, he was in London for the Quakers' Yearly Meeting, of which Charles Lamb wrote so delightfully :

"The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil, and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily ; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones."

The marriage of his son John to Mary, daughter of Abraham Gray of Tottenham High Cross, Middlesex, must have been a source of great pleasure to Edward, who attended the wedding with his son Charles.* The certificate, lying before me with its faded signatures, thus describes the simple ceremony :

* E. H.'s intentions on his son's marriage were : "When American affairs are settled, will immediately take him into Partnership in the Virginian trade, which is stagnated by the present troubles." John will receive five thousand down and eventually inherit his mother's property, a freehold estate at Wednesbury, besides mines of coal, and a moiety of an improving leasehold estate, the other moiety belonging to Sampson Lloyd, his mother's nephew ; the Charlton property and a large fortune at E. H.'s death.

"Having declared their intentions of taking one another in marriage before several Meetings of the People called Quakers, in London, the Proceedings of the said John Scandrett Harford and Mary Gray, after due Enquiry and deliberate Consideration thereof, were allowed by the said Meetings, they appearing Clear of all others, and having Consent of Parents and others concerned, these are to certify . . . That for the Accomplishing of this their said Marriage this ninth Day of the second Month called February, in the Year one Thousand seven hundred and eighty, They . . . appeared in a Public Assembly of the aforesaid People and others in their Meeting House near Gracechurch Street, and he the said John Scandrett Harford, taking the said Mary Gray by the Hand, did Openly and Solemnly declare as followeth : ' Friends, in the fear of the Lord and before this Assembly, I take this my Friend Mary Gray to be my Wife, promising, through Divine Assistance, to be unto her a faithful and affectionate Husband till it shall please the Lord by Death to separate us.' "

Mary Gray vowed in the same words to be a faithful and affectionate wife, and bride and bridegroom signed the parchment followed by eighty-six witnesses. The Grays were a large clan, held together by firm links of mutual affection, and Mary's husband found a ready welcome at their houses in or near London whenever business or pleasure—the terms are often interchangeable—brought him up to town.

Her brother, Edward Gray, constantly visited the Harfords, and in return received them at Harringay House, Hornsey, where he lived. He possessed a fine collection of paintings, which were sold after his death in 1838 by Morrison and Buchanan, forerunners of Christie, for fifteen thousand pounds.*

* Edward Gray's only child, Mrs. Smith Wright, died before him, and her three daughters were his co-heiresses : Kythe Caroline, Lady Mackenzie of Gairloch ; Mary Neville, Mrs. Watts-Russell ; and Lydia, Mrs. Egerton Leigh.

Edward Harford was a feoffee of the Henbury Boys' School in 1797. He spent September of that year at Weymouth with Susanna Ford, staying at 4, Bellevue. Miss Ford became more and more necessary to the old man, who yearly added a codicil to his will, making further provision for her, apparently to the dismay of his son, for the latter extracted a promise that in future no alterations should be made without his consent. Susanna relieved John's anxieties in 1802 by marrying a neighbour, Edward Brice, of Frenchay, but she continued to overlook the old man's household affairs until his death.

Edward Harford usually spent the winters in Bristol, at King Square, and the summers at Malmaison, in the pretty old-world village of Frenchay, where early Georgian houses edged a large common, and great elms and cedars gave a stately air to the level fields and walled gardens. He became very infirm in 1803, needing his footman's help to cross the room. His household bills and letters for that year were found in a box where the contents of his desk seem to have been swept unsorted. The turnpike bill shows that his coach passed once or twice a week for ninepence, a cart paying threepence, and riding-horses a penny each. A list of household taxes in 1803 includes coachman, footman, and gardener; three horses, a postchaise, and a tax-cart, two dogs, and armorial bearings. The coachman's livery was Russia drab, faced with claret-coloured cloth, a yellow waistcoat, and velveteen or stout doeskin pantaloons, doubtless completed with a wig and cocked hat.

During the session of 1803 Edward Harford and his son were deeply interested in the Bristol Port Bill, which eventually passed the House of Commons and became law. John spent several weeks in London at the Bedford Coffee House to watch over its progress, writing constantly on the subject to his father. Edward must have often seen the new house at Henbury, for it was begun more than ten

years before his death in April, 1806. His estate was proved under £136,000, Susanna Brice only getting £4,000, besides a chariot and pair of horses.* Malmain became the dower-house of Edward's daughter-in-law on her husband's death, and she lived there from 1817 to 1830, her bachelor son Charles continuing to inhabit it until his death in 1856. It is believed in Frenchay that his missing will is still hidden in the house, which is now (1909) the property of Captain Belfield, R.N.

* In December, 1806, his son exchanged the old silver plate for new at Rundell and Bridge's. They assured him that most of it was valueless and only fit for the melting-pot. There was a silver tankard marked C. S. (Charles Scandrett), another pint-size with a coat-of-arms, two half-pint silver mugs marked ^{H.}_{E. E.}, a silver cream tureen weighing over 22 ozs., and a cream ladle. They must all have dated from Queen Anne and George I.

Chapter II.—Blaise Castle.

LOOKING back on the family life of John and Mary Harford after the lapse of a hundred years, I see points of resemblance to that so exquisitely told in the *Récit d'une Sœur*: the hidden saintly living, the serene triumphant faith as death was seen approaching, the emphasis set on spiritual things compared with earth's transitory show, the mutual love and companionship, although the wider interests and cosmopolitan links of the de la Ferronays are lacking. There are journals filled with self-questioning, and pages of meditation on divine matters, copious memoirs of two brothers and a sister; the stiff, elaborate sentences reveal depths of humility and heights of devotion, fruits of the "discipline of the soul." In these papers the human interest is completely ignored; they were written under the influence of deep sorrows, wherein nothing but the love of God and faith in the unbroken spiritual life of their lost ones upheld and comforted the writers.

Yet such letters as have been preserved tend to show that the whole family were pervaded with the joy of living, the deep love of nature and natural beauties, the intellectual interests and pleasures that can make existence a perpetual feast, equally for those who have known life's storm and stress and for those who have yet to face it. Partly from a natural bent, partly from the Quaker isolation, the Harfords seem to have lived a surprisingly quiet life. They all rode, and loved riding for its own sake; it was usually preferred to walking in that generation, and must have been far pleasanter than wheels in pre-McAdam days, and even later in country lanes. Young men would arrive on horseback for country-house visits, or go on journeys followed

by a groom with the valise strapped to his saddle. The Harfords went almost yearly for a leisurely, delightful driving tour through the loveliest parts of England ; the Lakes, Devon and Dorset, Kent and Sussex, South Wales, Oxford and Blenheim. Dawlish and Weymouth were often visited for sea-bathing.

Their son John describes his father's character as upright and honourable. He was much beloved by his children, warm-hearted and generous in his quietly-given charities. His was a cheerful and joyous nature, kept under due control, with a fund of quiet humour and amusing anecdotes which he loved to relate. He had great confidence in his wife's judgment, frequently consulting her, and ever honoured her by word and deed in the presence of her children.

Mary's miniature shows a fair, handsome woman with deep blue eyes and a sweet, calm dignity. Her son John writes of her :

"Once, when confined to my bed for some weeks, I felt more than words can express the sweet influence of her visits ; so tranquil, so tender was her manner, so sweet the smile with which she looked in through the curtain, and so skilful her arrangements for my wants. Her looks soothed and touched my inmost heart. I have heard her tell with infinite pathos the great trial she underwent about nine years after her marriage by the illness of her third child, Eliza, in a putrid fever, and my father taking the same complaint at the very crisis of his little girl's disorder. Deeply as she had felt for her child, her feelings were absorbed by the imminent danger of her husband. She watched him by day and by night. The fever was peculiarly malignant, and attended by very high and painful delirium. At this time Eliza died. My mother resigned her without a murmur to her God, feeling that if her husband were but spared, the loss of her little cherub would seem as nothing, and as a little cherub she always described my sister. A friend once said to her, 'It only seems to want wings.' Between the paroxysms of his fever my father would tenderly inquire for his darling, and my mother displayed the greatest fortitude and presence of mind,

never betraying by look or word that Eliza was no more. Once, after a last look at her child in its coffin, she went to her husband's room, and replied to his question that she had just left Eliza, who was perfectly quiet, or words to that effect."

Her husband's illness increased, and recovery seemed hopeless, but the doctor, finding him sinking from exhaustion, sent for a bottle of old Madeira, and poured down glass after glass till the bottle was nearly empty : a successful and agreeable remedy. Very likely it was for his health that that year (1789) he rented Knole, near Almondsbury, for nine months, prolonged to twelve.

On their marriage, John and Mary Harford had settled in Bristol, in the corner house, Brunswick Square, and there all their children were born except Frederic and Alfred, who saw the light at Blaise. John became a partner in the Harford Bank, which his father had helped to found, and remained in it until his death. In 1782 he was Warden, and in 1798 Master of the Merchant Venturers, a powerful City Guild that had ruled the port of Bristol in its most prosperous days, controlling the sea-borne trade, and the hardy pilots who had mastered the intricate navigation of the Severn estuary, with its ever-shifting shoals and rushing tides.*

There is the draft of a letter dated from Knole Park, July 7, 1789, and signed John Scandrett Harford, making a final offer of eleven thousand pounds for the estate at Blaise Castle, the inn, and the blacksmith's shop, being two thousand more than he first intended to give, and two thousand less than the owner, Denham Skeate, had asked. It was accepted, and the conveyance is dated September 29, 1789. It was just three years later that the ridge of rocky woodland, now planted with rhododendrons, and including Goram's Chair, was bought from Mrs. and Miss Brooke. The present Dairy-

* As a director of the Dock Company he laid the foundation-stone of Bedminster Bridge, originally called Harford Bridge, in 1805. It lasted seventy-seven years, until greater traffic needed greater space,

garden is on the site of an older house, pulled down after the present one was built. Long and low and gabled, it contained several rooms of fair proportion, and two framed water colours still existing give an idea of its appearance. The old well is near the water-lily pond, and behind the house stood a cedar of Lebanon in a walled garden. Mrs. Anne Smyth, who died in 1760, inherited it from her mother, Lady Smyth of Ashton, one of the three Astry co-heiresses. She herself left the property to her nephew, Edward Gore, who sold it two years later to Thomas Farr. It was in 1766 that the latter built the present massive castle-tower on or near the site of a chapel dedicated to St. Blaise, but soon tiring of the place he sold it in 1778 to Denham Skeate, D.C.L., of Bath.*

A high rocky plateau of limestone, covered with fine turf sprinkled with wild thyme and yellow cistus, rises abruptly from a deep winding glen† over a mile long, whose precipitous sides are set with bold projecting masses of rock, among which badgers and foxes find sanctuary. The old camp on the plateau was once a post of the Dobuni, guarding the coast from incursions of the Silures who dwelt across the Severn Sea, and protecting the road to Aust Ferry.‡ The Romans re-fortified it with triple lines of great earthworks round three sides of the plateau; the two lower lines are fairly perfect. The southern side, which is very steep, has a bastion here and there. In digging foundations for the tower, a key, a brooch-pin, and coins of Vespasian and Constantine were found. Long after the Romans had left, a chapel, marked in Camden's map of Gloucestershire, was built. Archæologists believe that the plateau, with its fine outlook over seven counties, was an ancient beacon-place, whence it gained the name of Blaze-hill.§ Saintly dedications were very apt to carry on a name or a tradition. The cult of St. Blaise is widely spread in Europe; in districts as widely apart as St. Blazey in Cornwall, Sanct Blasien in the

* Storer's *Gloucestershire*. † Identified with Haseldene: see *Glos Notes and Queries*, vol. 6.

‡ Storer.

§ So called by Barrett.

Black Forest, Blasie-holmen in Stockholm, and San Biagio in North Italy. A steep paved way went up to the chapel from Henbury,* cutting through the great line of defence, and descended to the Echo gate towards Kingsweston Down and the other camp; long after the chapel had vanished it was used as a funeral road. When the ruins were dug up in 1707, Roman coins were found, and a long vault was opened, 30 ft. by 18 ft., which was full of bones.†

One of Jane Austen's crisply-etched characters — Catherine Morland in *Northanger Abbey*—is at Bath, eager, romantic, and seventeen. Isabella Thorpe and herself, exchanging brothers, are to be driven over to Clifton in "curricled-hung gigs, seat, trunk, sword-case, splashing-boards, all complete," if Catherine will only consent. "We shall drive directly to Clifton and dine there; and as soon as dinner is over, if there is time for it, go on to Kingsweston."

"I doubt our being able to do so much," said Morland.

"You croaking fellow," cried Thorpe, "we shall be able to do ten times more. Kingsweston! ay, and Blaize Castle too, and anything else we can hear of; but here is your sister says she will not go."

"Blaize Castle!" cried Catherine; "what is that?"

"The finest place in England; worth going fifty miles at any time to see."

"What! is it really a castle—an old castle?"

"The oldest in the kingdom."

"But is it like what one reads of?"

"Exactly; the very same."

"But now, really, are there towers and long galleries?"

"By dozens."

"Then I should like to see it; but I cannot—I cannot go."

It must have been impossible to help "quizzing" her as, half-reluctant at being driven by the wrong man instead of going for a walk with the right one, half-excited at the idea of seeing a real deserted

* Now called the Hunting Path.

† Quoted by Storer.

castle such as she had read of in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, Catherine was at last persuaded to take her seat in the gig.

"She listened reluctantly and her replies were short. Blaize Castle remained her only comfort ; towards *that* she still looked at intervals with pleasure ; the happiness of a progress through a long suite of lofty rooms, exhibiting the remains of magnificent furniture, the happiness of being stopped in their way along narrow winding vaults by a low grated door, or even of having their lamp, their only lamp, extinguished by a sudden gust of wind, and of being left in total darkness." Catherine's little thrills of excitement were all in vain, for she returned to Bath without having seen the newly-built castle on Blaize-hill at which Jane Austen pokes her quiet fun.

The Harfords came to live at Blaise in the spring or summer of 1790, and in September Frederic was born there. From 1795 to 1802 they lived chiefly at Henbury, absorbed in the daily interest of house-building and planning. The Brunswick Square house was let furnished, and in 1802 given up altogether, for another house had just been bought in Great George Street, on the slopes of Brandon Hill. Archdeacon Robeson tells me that he identifies it with his own dwelling, No. 25, from the fact that no other house of that date in the street possesses stabling, and from a tradition that it once belonged to a large family with several sons and two footmen.

The building of the new house began on October 20th, 1795, and the foundation-stone was laid on December 1st by John Scandrett Harford himself. In the following October the walls were roofed in, the oval skylight finished with Eldorado work, and the hall and portico floored with Portland stone which had come round by sea. The finely-proportioned staircase had graceful balustrades of wrought iron, and the broad, easy steps of white stone have never yet been defaced by carpeting. A dinner was given to seventy men at the Blaise Castle Inn to celebrate the completion of the roofing-in. Plum-pudding crowned the feast, and each man had a gallon of ale. The

house, as it stood, measured sixty-six feet by nearly fifty-eight, without the long wing of the offices, or the Picture-room which was added much later.* The warm orange of the stone-work and the beautiful classic proportions of the building have a marvellously fine effect against the green slopes of turf and the rich variety of tint and shape in the surrounding trees—cedar, ilex, and elm, copperbeech and sycamore. Seven stately elms from Sir Samuel Astry's great triple avenue had to be sacrificed; many of them measured sixty feet as they fell.

Humphry Repton, in his book on Landscape Gardening, alludes to the fact that, to add dignity to the site, the cellars were built above ground, and earth heaped up to the level of their roofs, forming a gradual slope in every direction from the terraces. William Patey, the original architect, was joined later by John Nash, who built Carlton House and Regent Street. The outer walls, two feet in thickness, as well as the inner arrangements, show the amazing thoroughness and forethought with which the smallest details were planned and carried out. A small red note-book, marked J. S. H., 1795, gives minute particulars of the new house, and also the dimensions of his friends' rooms and their furniture. He must have sorely tried their patience as he ran about with his foot-rule, measuring windows, door-lintels, and mirrors. The wainscoting was made chair-high, rather less than three feet, and fine mahogany doors were procured for the chamber-floor as well as the reception-rooms. Repton visited Blaise Castle twice in 1796, and twice in the following year. Trees were cut down and others planted to form picturesque groups and reveal distant views; formal rows and straight lines were broken, and stiff palings replaced by sunk fences.†

Once yielded to, the love of stones and mortar becomes an obsession, as imperative as a craze for gambling; the results are more

* 1832-33; the architect was C. R. Cockerell.

† Repton's "red book" of Blaise Castle, with his written account and water-colour sketches of the alterations made by his advice, was stolen or mislaid in 1894 while improvements were being carried out during our absence.

satisfactory in the former case, though the victim may be equally destitute in the end. But John Scandrett Harford was far too well-balanced to lose his head, and he continued to enjoy the pleasures of building to the end of his life.

After the house came the stables in 1800-1; then the Dairy in the flower-garden whence all traces of Anne Smyth's house had disappeared, unless the kitchen fire-place with its notched roasting-jack may have been preserved in the dairy. The conservatory was finished by the autumn of 1806 under Nash's auspices; new gardens were planned and laid out, and a tunnel cut to connect them with the old. Grassy roads and footpaths were made to show distant views and woodland scenery; much was done at Ashgrove,* a name I cannot trace. The road beneath Goram's Chair, following the stream, was cut in 1812.

Camden† alludes to a rare plant, a variety of the mountain-cress, *Nasturtium montanum*, growing on "St. Vincent's Rock, near Goram's Chair in the parish of Henbury," and the "great round-headed Garlick of the Holms-island in the Severn Sea."

The Goram legend relates how, in prehistoric days, two giants, Goram and Vincent, loved the maiden Avona, and she promised herself to whichever should create a channel for her stream. The giants each cut a deep gorge, hurling great rocks aside with their mighty arms. Goram, wearied with his toil, rested between the high rocky sides of his Chair, overlooking the valley. While he slept, Vincent carried off the maiden, and that is why the river Avon flows beneath Vincent's Rocks to the Severn. Finding he was defeated, Goram strode across the valley, leaving a print of his foot in the limestone, and plunged into the sea, where his shoulder and knee are still to be seen as the Flat and the Steep Holms. Vincent's name survives in the dedication of the small cave-chapel in the rocks above the Avon.

* Combe Wood, under Blaize-hill (18 acres), and Ashgrove (17 acres), belonged to the Collegiate Church at Westbury-on-Trym, and, with much more, was granted to Sir Ralph Sadleir, 36th Hen. VIII.

† 1586.

An entry in the red note-book briefly states : " Removed into new house at Blaise Castle on Wednesday, 17th Oct., 1798, to Tea." Another entry in 1799 speaks of the new approach through the woods : " Friday, July 26th, Drove Mr. Battersby in his Phæton, entering the new Road in the Woods opposite Mr. Brooke's, to the New House and back again, returning through the Village; the first time a four-wheel Carriage was ever driven through the new road, and afterwards drove my Wife in the Phæton through the woods and back again."

Curious little details appear in John Scandrett Harford's clearly-kept account-books, which give some clue to his personality. He belonged to Jack's Coffee-house in 1795. Was it a social or political club, I wonder? His newspapers were *The Star* and *The Courier*. Despite his habitual prudence, he regularly put fifteen to nineteen guineas in the State Lottery; twice only was he lucky enough to win a prize of eighteen pounds.

When the French Revolution broke out he gave generously to the priests and *émigrés* who fled to England. Another gift he notes is to "Mrs. Robertson, granddaughter to Charles II." His herd of Devon cows is mentioned, a flock of sheep, and two Scotch oxen for farm-work. In 1807 he had to pay £40 "for a Tyburn ticket to exempt me from serving parochial and Ward offices in the parish of St. Augustine," and two years later he paid a fine of £10 to exempt his son Charles who was drawn for the Militia.

Taxes were very high while Napoleon's armies overran Europe and threatened England. In July, 1799, he had to pay 10 per cent. on his income of seven thousand a year, with a curious rebate of two per cent. for each of his eight children, which brought the total to £577 13s. 4d. A list of taxes paid in July, 1812, may interest future generations :



JOHN SCANDRETT HARFORD, Senr.
From a painting by Henry Singleton, in 1812.

	£	s.	d.
Two four-wheel carriages	13	0	0
Two with two wheels	6	10	0
Window tax	18	13	0
House duty	7	1	8
Armorial bearings	1	4	0
Hair-powder tax	1	3	6
Two dogs	14	0	
6 men servants (3 house, 2 stables, 1 garden) ...	2	12	6
6 labourers	1	4	0
11 horses	34	18	6
5 farm-horses	2	12	6
Poor Rate	12	5	0
	<hr/>		
	£101	18	8

The powder tax varied from a guinea each person to considerably less; my great-grandfather always paid it for his wife and himself, the butler and the coachman. His own long silk stockings, worn with knee-breeches, are frequently entered in the book, costing up to a guinea the pair. He wore his own hair tied back in a queue, and an old man living in Henbury in the early eighties used to tell us how, as a small boy sitting on Sundays in the Meeting-house near Kingsweston, he enjoyed watching the white powder drop on the old gentleman's crimson coat.

Another old man, Thomas Mudon, had seen my great-grandmother being driven with four horses round the old stone sundial on Penpole Point, a sign of steady nerves, for it stands on a narrow rocky spit covered with short slippery turf. A personal relic of her, besides her miniature, is an old French watch of finely-pierced gold in a beautiful outer case of bloodstone set with diamond sprays. There is a large *étui* to match with golden implements, and a small acorn-pendant enamelled with *Soyez toujours Fidèle*. Mrs. Harford inherited them from her mother's sister, Mrs. Zachary.

The sons were all educated away from home. Wandsworth, Newbury, Marlborough are all mentioned, and a large school kept by

the Rev. Thomas Lloyd, Petersley House, Great Missenden, where four of the brothers stayed together some years. John says, in some manuscript notes, that Abraham, my grandfather, was a quiet, reserved, studious boy, who never got into mischief, and was much liked by his masters ; whereas John's irrepressible spirits led him into perpetual scrapes. These two brothers were the truest of friends all their lives, from this very difference of temperament and similarity of tastes. The faithful butler, John Morris, with his powdered head, was always sent to fetch the boys home for holidays, until they could be trusted to travel alone. There is a hint that the Quaker community did not approve of distant schools and clerical teaching, but they widened the boys' outlook, as their father probably intended.

Mary, the only daughter, had a governess named Esther Jemima Woodfall, to whom she was much attached. She had masters for mathematics, perspective, geometry, French, and Italian. Mary loved riding as well as all her accomplishments, and when she was seventeen her father gave her a bay mare. Her miniature, painted on ivory, shows a beautiful girl with brown hair curling over her forehead, long-lashed dark blue eyes, and a clear rosy complexion. There is character as well as charm in her expression.

A couple of silhouettes in red leather cases represent two pretty girlish profiles done in Indian ink. One, the more matronly, with a small cap, has been identified as Mary's first cousin, Eliza Pryor, whose mother was a Gray. The other may be Mary herself, or possibly Martha Pryor, Eliza's cousin, whose likeness, we know, was given to her friend Mary Harford. In 1801 Eliza came to make her home at Blaise Castle with her uncle and aunt, and her bright energy and charm won the hearts of the whole family. She was a young lady of fortune, and arrived with her own chariot and horses, a man and a maid. Two artless, girlish letters from Mary give a glimpse of her life before it was clouded by sorrow and illness :

BLAISE CASTLE, *October 10th, 1799.*

Oh, Eliza, I cannot tell you how happy I am with my dear Martha.* . . . We read Plutarch's *Lives*, and any other time we have for reading we get something amusing and interesting: she has been lamenting this morning over the sad story of Paul and Virginia. We find the time fly away so swiftly that we are quite surprised when evening comes and calls us to the company of Dr. Johnson.

I should have begun this letter a day sooner, only Martha and I thought we should like to sleep together, and tho' we talked pretty late at night it did not content us. We waked at six and stayed in bed talking till so near nine that, instead of writing letters, we had to get ready for breakfast as fast as possible. Friday I went to Frenchay; my grandfather gets better by slow degrees. Miss Ford is tolerable; she would be better did she take more exercise. Who do you think dined here yesterday? Why, Mr. Samuel Edwards, so that Martha had a fine opportunity of seeing him, and she does not seem at all desirous of riding to Quarterly Meeting in a sociable and four. He continues his intention of marrying "a pretty Quaker girl," and is quite enchanted with her (though she will not believe so), and only wishes himself twenty years younger. We both found it impossible to keep our "risible faculties" entirely to ourselves.

May 1st, 1800.

Your long letter, my dearest Eliza, was quite a treat to me, and the likeness of my sweet Martha I shall ever prize most highly from a double motive, so that whenever I look at it I shall be reminded of two absent friends instead of one. O Eliza, what felicity you must now enjoy in the company of our lovely Martha, for she always diffuses pleasure around her. How I should like to take a peep at you and hear one of the concerts! Your stay at Baldock will not be long if you go to the Yearly Meeting. My dear Eliza has not a better opinion of air and exercise than I have; where health is in the question there is scarce anything which one would not do. I believe it to be essential to mine, so that on fine days (which lately have been pretty scarce) it is my chief employment; I assure you we have begun to walk before breakfast. I am also taking lessons at the riding-school, so between

* Second daughter of John Pryor, of Baldock, Herts, married Joseph Morris, of Ampthill, and died 1856.

that and Italian my time is very much taken up. When I first obtained permission to learn Italian, I could think of nothing else ; I could have given up reading, drawing, and everything to pursue it, and now (silly creature that I am !) I feel as cool as a cucumber, as the saying is.

There is one subject on which I believe I shall never cool, and that is Mme. de Maintenon. Many an animated debate have I had with my father about her ; he believed that she was once Mistress to Lewis 14th. I knew it was impossible, unless she was a very different character to what history represents her ; my father seems now convinced, tho' it was a long time before my arguments prevailed, and till I succeeded, she constantly occupied my thoughts ; she was the last thing that employed them before I closed my eyes to sleep, and the same subject returned with the morning. Do say something about her next time you write, and tell me if there was much concerning her in the history you read of Lewis 14th. For my part, I think she approached as near perfection as anyone ever did !

The beginning of the nineteenth century marked the advent of a new current of spiritual life in the members of the family, deepening and widening every year, until it became the mainspring of their existence, and without some account of it no picture of their home-life would be a true one. Mary Harford, as she grew up to girlhood, was the first to feel a new divine impulse, vivifying her whole nature, and deepened by her grief at losing her comrade-brother Edward, whom she passionately loved and mourned. Her mother, following in her steps, found a deeper peace, a fuller grace ; while her younger brothers, and last of all her father, yielded to her gentle influence, and their spiritual growth was quickened by the joy and peace of her own death.

On a Sunday in November, 1803, sitting in the silence and quietude of the Friends' Meeting, Edward received, as he believed, a revelation of the Divine Spirit, that which saints called the Beatific Vision, a sudden realization of the presence of God within him. He went away absorbed and speechless, rapt in such high meditation that none dared question him. For a time he lived as one apart, rarely speaking, spending his days in prayer and study of the Bible. Not for

some weeks did the tension relax and allow him to speak with his sister, in their daily walks, of the high thoughts that filled his mind, and to welcome her unflinching interest and sympathy. Mary was adored by her seven brothers, and this warm family affection and companionship must have helped to keep the sons from the violent reaction which their too secluded life might otherwise have caused.

Edward, born in 1783, was considered a lad of great promise, mentally as well as physically. An eager, ardent nature, he abhorred any mean or sordid action. Dowered with good looks and polished manners, he showed, as he reached manhood, a thoroughly natural desire for gaiety and amusement. But it was firmly repressed by his father, who forgot that at his son's age his own tastes had been exactly the same.

"At this period," writes his brother John, "he made me his bosom friend, told me all that he did, and in short I was the confidant of all his actions. His passions were then strong, his imagination lively ; the world when viewed at a distance appeared to him—

All enamelled, as a distant prospect sun-gilt.

My own inclinations were directed the same way, and this bound us very closely together. I enjoyed nobody's company like his ; he was all kindness, I all grateful love. I still look back with pleasure to the transports which a visit he made me at school occasioned in my heart ; every hour seemed to drag on slowly till the appointed day. Edward and I used often to throw a little ridicule on our Sister, whom we thought far too precise and strict, but she quietly endured it, and followed her conviction of duty in spite of all we could say or do. Sometimes she spoke out her sentiments, but I at least could not understand her meaning."

On leaving school Edward entered the Harford Bank, but in 1803 his health began to fail, and a wasting illness, to which the memoir gives no name, reduced his strength so gradually that his increasing

languor and loss of flesh were at first attributed to mental worry. His illness fluctuated for several months, and he never realised, until near the end, that his life was in danger ; but as the body slowly wasted, his mind was filled with a divine peace, a radiant light shone in his eyes, and a calm faith pointed his way to the unseen world into which he passed in April, 1804.

“Edward’s death,” writes his brother John, “produced a deep impression on my mind. I had fancied in my ignorance that anyone could become religious if he chose. I now read my Bible with greater light, and began to find what a warfare and combat it is to subdue the flesh in any degree to the Spirit.”

John, now the eldest surviving son, was gifted with unusual force of character joined to a strong personal magnetism, which gained his brothers’ unswerving and often unconscious allegiance throughout their lives. He realised the danger, the impossibility, of expecting six handsome, high-spirited lads to remain content with the seclusion which satisfied their parents. So he set himself to inspire and develop a love of art and classic literature and a habit of study, which gave them interests and resources throughout their lives. The small study at Blaise Castle had been given up to John’s use, and after the five o’clock dinner was over, he and his brothers would adjourn there until tea-time, and vigorously improve their minds. Alfred’s tastes were for botany and natural history, finding their outlet in the quiet country parish where most of his future life was spent.

As Mary and her brothers, one by one, began the “pilgrim’s progress,” their early teaching failed to satisfy them ; they felt that there existed channels divinely created to bring a fuller grace, a truer Presence of Christ to their inmost souls. Their parents, sorrowfully yet tenderly, allowed them to follow their convictions, and the wonderful mutual love between them all was never shaken or lessened by this divergence from the old ways which their father and mother held sacred.

In November, 1807, John wrote a dutiful and affectionate letter to his father, telling him that in deference to his wishes he would wait two years before receiving baptism, adding a proviso that in case of illness or accident he must hold himself free to act according to his conscience. His father's reply was calm and dignified, accepting his son's promise and recognising his right, after due reflection, to use his own judgment.

"Some of my own ancestors," he wrote, "suffered imprisonment and cruel treatment for their attachment to these principles, believing it to be the Truth as it is in Jesus. It is natural I should wish for *all* my children to be members of the same Society, believing as I do the Christian Religion to be a simple matter, arising from the Heart and not from the Head."

Yet he desired beyond all things that everyone should follow the path of conscience, for to him "the Family of Christ is One Family." Some months later, in a letter to his wife, he speaks with touching humility of Mary and John as far beyond himself in holy living.

Richard Whalley, Vicar of Chelwood in Somersetshire, became acquainted with John Harford, and an enduring friendship linked him with the whole family. A saintly old man of angelic character, gifted with wisdom spiced with a knowledge of mankind, he became, as they called him, their spiritual father in Christ.* When the two years had elapsed, in the autumn of 1809, John was baptised by him at Chelwood. One after another, though not immediately, all his brothers followed his example. For several years after Edward's death a burden of illness, anxiety, and sorrow pressed continually on the Harfords, lightened only by their faith that every pang of mind or body was a discipline, a purification, a victory.

Mary's intimate friend at this time was Marianne Galton, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, a brilliant, highly-gifted young woman about her

* Another greatly valued guide was a Quaker divine, John Helton, a friend of John Wesley.

own age. Vividly imaginative and impressionable, her writings reveal a strain of imagery and a mysticism akin to Port Royal and the Quietists, for which, perhaps, a Quaker childhood, with its Sunday hour of stillness and expectancy, was, in her case, a natural preparation. In the spring of 1808 Mary caught a cold which settled on her lungs, and by the autumn rapid consumption had set in. She was taken to Cirencester to consult a Dr. Bailey, who wished her to go to the West Indies or, as an alternative, to spend the winter in two or three rooms heated to a tropical temperature. Mary, who loved fresh air and an active life, quietly renounced her own wishes, setting herself to regard her seclusion as a time to detach herself from earthly cares and to meditate on heavenly things. She fully expected to recover, but, as was inevitable, her strength failed rapidly, and on the 14th of March, 1809, her gentle spirit passed away. Those who saw her, lying as if in sleep, were awed by her look of angelic purity and loveliness. During weeks of extreme languor, when she could not occupy her mind or control her thoughts, she dwelt in perpetual peace, shielded by her faith from every trace of doubt or fear. In the previous December she had been baptised in the presence of her mother and brothers; a fortnight later she was admitted to a still deeper mystery.

Frederic, the flower of the flock among the brothers as to good looks and ability, had attached himself with the same boyish adoration to John which the latter had shown to Edward. He had never been strong, but constant sea-bathing, riding, and outdoor life had seemed to conquer his delicacy before his twentieth year, when a sort of atrophy took hold of him, and on January 12th, 1812, he too was gone. Before his death he received the Sacraments from the hands of Mr. Whalley, filled with awe and thankfulness to God, Who had, as he expressed it, reserved for his extremity the greatest mercies of all. During Frederic's illness he once saw his dead sister Mary so vividly that he could hardly believe it was a dream and not a reality. He woke with a strong impression that she had intimated he would

not recover. He told his brother John, who combated the idea, telling him that such a dream was a natural result of ill-health, that youth was on his side, and he must not allow his mind to dwell on such thoughts.

Eliza Pryor died at Sidmouth in February, 1811,* nursed by her cousin Martha, and visited at intervals by her uncle. To her aunt it was a deep sorrow, for Eliza had been her closest friend and comforter, doing all she could to fill the blank left by Mary.

The prolonged nursing and incessant, watchful anxiety for so many years were a great strain on Mrs. Harford's health and nerves. For a year after Edward's death John was more or less of an invalid, and his mother's heart was tortured by the fear that she might lose him as well. Three summer months of 1805 were devoted to a delightful driving tour to the Cumberland lakes and Yorkshire moors, which completed his recovery. The parents, Mary, John, Abraham, and Charles, driving or riding, moved from place to place unhurried. John wrote of it nearly fifty years later :

"It was a most happy journey. Everything was new and interesting to us, and we viewed the Lakes and adjacent scenery with a pleasure akin to ecstasy. As we had saddle-horses with us, my brother Abraham and I rode a great deal, and at other times we were generally together in my Father's post-chaise. The rest of the party preceded us in the family Landau, and as my Father travelled with his own coach-horses our progress was rather slow, but this afforded time for drawing and reading. We, all of us, ever looked back to this journey with the deepest interest. Abraham sketched a great deal from nature in the course of it as well as myself."

During the year 1810 John Harford, then nearly twenty-five, fell deeply in love with Louisa, elder daughter of Richard Hart Davis, who for six successive Parliaments was one of two members sent up

* Her brother Richard had died of decline at Clifton in 1807; his grave is in the small Quaker burial-ground near Kingsweston.

by the City of Bristol.* He lived at Walton Castle, near Clevedon, and possessed a fine collection of pictures, besides estates in Wales. For more than a year John had been a constant visitor and devoted friend of Hannah More, delighting in her witty, vivacious talk, and her memories of the world of politics, of literature, and of gaiety, before she settled down to a life of good works at Barley Wood, in Somersetshire. A family tradition hints that he was the original of her *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*.† Whether true or not, the description of Cœlebs' bride might have been written for Louisa Davis.

"Lucilla Stanley is rather perfectly elegant than perfectly beautiful. I have seen women as striking, but I never saw one so interesting. Her beauty is countenance; it is the stamp of mind intelligibly printed on the face. It is not so much the symmetry of the features as the joint triumph of intellect and sweet temper." The lovely smiling face and graceful figure of Louisa Harford, painted some twelve years later‡ by Lawrence, might be a picture of Lucilla. Louisa's love of music, poetry, and art, of French and Italian literature, her playful gaiety and quick responsiveness, her ability to grasp and enter into her husband's deep studies and to aid him in his literary work, made her the most delightful companion.

A stately courtship was inaugurated by a long letter to Mr. Hart Davis, asking for his daughter's hand, ending with an entreaty that if his proposal should be entertained, Miss Davis might be kept in ignorance of his attachment, "as I have never felt it right hitherto to pay her those particular attentions which would only be a proper prelude to this full avowal of my sentiments."

Louisa must have smiled at the idea that she needed to be told of the impression she had made, but she graciously accepted and preserved

* Born 1766, d. 1842, m. 1789 Sarah Whittingham. He was member for Colchester 1807-12, when his son Hart succeeded him.

† An undated scrap of paper, scrawled by Hannah More: "I forgot to thank you for your criticisms about Cœlebs. You are perfectly right; it had been pointed out to me before, and is now corrected."

‡ 1823.

the odes and sonnets dedicated to her "by J. S. H., jun." We can imagine him, ardent and courtly, paying his addresses in the picturesque evening dress worn by men in those days. The claret or raven-swing cloth coat, with high collar and wide lapels, revealed a white silk waistcoat; and knee-breeches of drab or stone-coloured silk buttoned over long silken hose.

Almost a year elapsed after his proposal before they were actually engaged, and even then Louisa's people hesitated to fix a date for the wedding. John spent the month of August, 1811, at Dawlish with his brother Frederic; there were tantalising delays before his father arrived and set him free to fly to Louisa. He wrote her long journal-letters full of a perfect mutual understanding, describing himself as sitting on a rock in the sea, reading his Virgil and writing odes in the fly-leaves. A letter to Hannah More at the same time mentions the artist, Henry Singleton, being in Ireland, painting portraits of "Dunn, Knox, and the Peter La Touches"* for Sir Thomas Acland, showing that the life-long loyal friendship between the latter and John Harford had already begun. Old Mr. Harford was persuaded by his son to let Singleton paint an excellent portrait of himself in 1812, for which the artist received twenty guineas.†

In the following spring, after Louisa's eighteenth birthday, the marriage preparations began. The grandfather's house at Frenchay was adapted, furnished, and decorated under the eyes of John, whose father had given him £1,800 for the purpose, besides a valuable piece of furniture as his wedding gift. A carriage was being built in London, and John went up to see about it early in May. He stayed at 39, Piccadilly, in response to a kind note from Mrs. Davis, who added a gentle hint that Louisa had many engagements, and he must not expect to see as much of her as he did in the country.

* Alexander Knox, private Secretary to Lord Castlereagh; the Rev. James Dunn; Peter La Touche, of Bellevue, Co. Wicklow, and his wife, Charlotte Maude, daughter of Viscount Hawarden.

† Henry Singleton, 1766-1839. Exhibited for fifty years at the Royal Academy.

The wedding took place on Monday, August 31st, 1812, at Walton Church, and Mr. Whalley married them. There was a honeymoon journey to Killarney, through North Wales, where they ascended Cader Idris, the bride riding a pony ; and it may really and truly be said of them, like the prince and princess in a fairy tale, that they lived happy ever after.

Visitors came and went in the two years spent at Frenchay, bringing fresh gusts of thought and activity. There was William Wilberforce (who had scotched, if not as yet absolutely killed, the slave-trade), with his wife and children ; Hannah More, with her sister Patty ; Lady Eleanor Dundas, bringing her daughter Elizabeth, who was one of Louisa's girl-friends, and many more of whom there is no record.

Lady Eleanor was the widow of Major-General Thomas Dundas, who died of yellow-fever in the island of Guadeloupe on June 3rd, 1794,* while defending it against the French. Before the despatches arrived Lady Eleanor had a vivid dream, which Clementina Davis afterwards wrote down as she related it :

"I dreamt that I was walking in a large green field. The sky was cloudy, and its dark hue was reflected in a river which flowed below the field and further on fell into the Firth of Forth. As I walked on beside the river, I observed a vessel in full sail coming from the sea. It came up rapidly and passed me. It looked dark and black from the sombre tint of the sky. But just after it passed, a faint ray of sunshine touched the stern, and I saw the words 'From Saint Vincent.' I felt heart-struck, and exclaimed, 'That vessel brings me fatal tidings.' I then awoke, but had not recovered from the unpleasant shock of this dream when the letter-bag was brought to me, being seven in the morning. I tore open the Paper, and the leading article was an extract from St. Vincent, stating the death of Sir Charles Grey, who commanded the expedition to the West Indies. I was greatly

* His daughter, Elizabeth Grey, was born June 8th, 1794. See *Dundas of Fingask*, David Douglas, 1891.

shocked, knowing the intimacy between him and my Husband, but felt great thankfulness that my worst fears were unfounded. Alas! it was himself. Through some unaccountable error a mistake was made in the names. I did not, however, know this for ten days afterwards, the despatches having been unusually delayed."

Lady Eleanor always spoke with gratitude of the consideration shown for her feelings by the Editor of the *Edinburgh Courant*, who, during this interval, printed a special copy for Carron Hall, in which any doubts and rumours were omitted.

Another curious *clairvoyant* dream, also occurring at the close of the 18th century, was vouched for by Sir Robert Grant.

Mr. Vansittart had sailed for India in the *Aurora* frigate. His wife dreamt that the ocean was presented to her sight, bright and beautiful. Gazing attentively at it, she discovered a vessel in full sail, gallantly ploughing its way, and became aware that it was the *Aurora*. She then awoke, but falling presently asleep, she saw a different picture. The ocean, no longer smooth, was lashed into fury by a violent gale that was raging. Again she recognised the frigate and saw it founder, awaking in a state of agony and terror. After a while she slept again. A third time she saw the ocean, now subsiding into tranquillity. Looking more closely at the picture, she noticed a bare rock on which a solitary man was standing. She recognised her husband, who seemed to speak thus to her: "The *Aurora* is lost—all but myself are drowned—I am well—I am happy—but you will never hear any tidings of me." She awoke in great distress, and although she survived more than twenty years from the time Mr. Vansittart sailed from England, she never knew his fate, and it was never known what had happened to the *Aurora*.* Mrs. Vansittart died in 1818-19; her son was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Liverpool's ministry.

* * * * *

It was during the years 1810-12 that Blaise Hamlet was built,

* From a pocket-book of 1822.

possibly as a lasting memorial to Mary Harford. John Nash and his partner, George Repton, designed the nine pretty cottages, one of which is double. They are set with a happy irregularity, each in its garden plot, round an oval lawn, and were intended for old servants and infirm people who had saved or inherited a modest income. The position of each doorway was thoughtfully planned by Nash, so that from it the other nine are invisible. It was his brilliant idea for preventing gossip in the summer evenings, but ten women certainly outwitted one or even two architects.

When failing health overtook the elder J. S. Harford, and his active habits were laid aside, he loved to stroll round the village green and talk with the cottagers. There was originally an obelisk over the spring, but his son replaced it by the present graceful shaft and weathercock, adding an inscription to his "benevolent parent." Sir Thomas Acland afterwards erected a somewhat similar group on Selworthy Green.

William Battersby, great-grandson of the original Charles Harford, died at Berwick Lodge the end of March, 1812, and was buried at Henbury on April 3rd. John Harford wrote to Mr. Hart Davis on March 28th :

Poor Mr. Battersby's last moments were indeed affecting. I was with him only a few hours before his departure. The disposition of his property will surprise you as it has us. Mrs. B. is to have the whole of it during her lifetime, and the disposal of £25,000 at her death. About £35,000 is left to my brother A^{bm}, who is to take the name of Battersby. The reason which he gave for this act was that my Father was a very rich man and did not want it, and that a large provision would be made by him for his eldest son. About £5,000 is left in small legacies. The vanity of preserving his name probably led in a great degree to this decision.

A person called here a few days ago, and made a tender of three votes for you, which of course were accepted with all due politeness.

Believe me, my dear Friend,

Very affect^{ly},

JOHN S. HARFORD, jun^r.

Three years later, on the death of Mrs. Battersby, Abraham Gray Harford assumed the name and arms of Battersby in April, 1815, by Royal License, and his brothers, dropping the name of Abraham, began calling him Battersby instead. As young men, they were very intimate with their cousin, Walker Gray, and they all rejoiced when he settled at Henbury as Curate, marrying Miss Emily Daniel, and inhabiting the house now called Tramore.

During the summer of 1812 Mr. Harford began to suffer from attacks of asthma, affecting his heart. Two years later he became seriously ill, and on January 23rd, 1815, he died at the age of sixty. His wife, who had endured so many sorrows, was completely crushed by this, the greatest of all. Yet there was no bitterness in her grief, and her sweet, harmonious nature gradually recovered its balance.

The property left by Mr. Harford was valued just under three hundred thousand pounds. The house in Great George Street, where he died, was sold, and his wife did not at once move to Frenchay, for before the summer was over the Battle of Waterloo had given peace to Europe, and John, wishing to take his wife to Italy, begged his mother to stay at Blaise Castle during their absence.

Chapter III.—Roman Days.

ON the morning of September 13th, 1815, John Harford and his wife, with Alfred Harford, went on board the Calais packet in high spirits. Their ardour was slightly damped by the miseries of a thirteen hours' passage, and it was midnight when they arrived in Calais roads. The tide being very low, they could not enter the harbour, and had to land in small boats, and walk to Dessin's, where they slept. Posting to Paris, they halted to visit St. Denis, meeting several detachments of the Allied troops on their way. J. S. H. writes in his note-book :

"My great object in visiting Paris was to study the treasures of Art in the gallery of the Louvre. We had heard it asserted that the Allies were stripping this splendid collection of the finest of those productions with which Bonaparte had enriched it out of the spoils of Italy. We found that the work was going on rapidly under the auspices of a guard of British soldiers, stationed with fixed bayonets both within and without the Gallery. Rubens' celebrated picture of the Descent from the Cross, removed from Antwerp Cathedral, was already taken from its frame and leaning against a wall, ready for packing.*

"Troops of all nations filled the streets, but the French kept indoors, and public places were deserted. Open drains down the centre of the streets conveyed every species of horrid smell."

Another note is interesting, as it is dated barely three months after the battle :

"Dining with the Duke of Wellington, I asked him whether

* See Appendix.



JOHN SCANDRETT HARFORD, Junr., D.C.L., F.R.S.

From a painting by A. E. Chalons, R.A., 1828.

In the possession of the Duchess of Beaufort.

Bonaparte had shown much military talent in his manœuvres at Waterloo.

“‘No, not at all,’ he said; ‘there was nothing of the kind. It was a battle of Giants.’ He attributed the victory to the wonderful spirit which animated the British Army, seconded by the spirit of the whole nation.

“‘There was not a man in my army,’ he observed, ‘but knew well that if I should send him home in displeasure his own sister would not speak to him.’ Bonaparte, he said, had about ninety thousand men engaged, and he himself sixty thousand. The French lost heavily in the battle and during the pursuit, as well as by subsequent desertions.”

A comfortable travelling-carriage, called a Britzka,* was purchased in Paris. As there was no box-seat, a clear view of the postillions—and the scenery—was obtained. Behind rose a Dicky, in which the maid and courier sat aloft. A set of oddly-shaped trunks and boxes fitted on the carriage, and one, long and low, called an imperial, went on the roof over the travellers’ heads. In every direction after leaving Paris they met large bodies of Austrian and Bavarian troops, who appeared to treat the French with scant ceremony. Crossing the Simplon the middle of October, they visited Milan, Bologna, Florence, with intense enjoyment, entering Rome early in December, through the Porta del Popolo. The first glimpse of St. Peter’s cupola, breaking the line of the horizon, was eagerly greeted, and as they drew near the city of their dreams—domes, towers, and palaces crowning the Seven Hills and the Tiber flowing down to the sea—a flood of pagan—classic—Christian memories swept over them.

The two winters spent in Rome were a time of intense interest and pleasure. Gates stood open into a fresh world of intellectual and social life, treasures of ancient and mediæval art delighted their eyes, and the hours of study encouraged by the very limitations of their upbringing

* Britzka : a long carriage with a calash top, built to allow space for reclining when travelling at night.

had forged one of the keys to unlock these gates. They spoke French and Italian fluently ; acquaintance ripened into friendship. Canova, Gibson, Thorwaldsen, Overbeck, were living and working in Rome. Pinelli was painting the varied picturesque figures that filled the streets and churches, from the country-folk and shepherds of the Campagna to magnificent cardinals and prelates taking the air, followed by pages and lackeys in brilliant scarlet liveries.

Pius VII had lately been restored to his dominions, after Napoleon had kept him in captivity for nearly five years.

The Pope and the Sacred College had a great admiration for Mrs. Harford, who was known as the Fair Heretic. Pius VII presented her with a fine rosary wrought in bloodstone and gold, desiring her never to use it as an ornament. She and her husband frequently dined at the Quirinal, just then the Papal residence. On fast-days special courses were handed to them, until they implored a friendly Cardinal to arrange that they might share the delicate variety of Lenten dishes set before the ecclesiastics. The Pope dined in the same room as his guests, at a separate table.

A charming little autograph note refers to one of these occasions :

MONSIEUR !

Sa Saintété ayant été un peu incoûmodée et n'étant pas encore tout à fait remise, il faudra remettre à lundi prochain la visite qui avait été proposée pour demain. Je suis, en toute hâte, avec une considération distinguée, et un attachement affectionné,

LE CARDL. CONSALVI.

Jeudi soir.

A close and deeply-rooted friendship sprang up in Rome between the Pope's brilliant Secretary of State and John and Louisa Harford, interrupted only by the death of Consalvi in 1824. Two gifts he made them were greatly prized : one, the original study for the portrait of the Cardinal, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence for George IV ; the other a beautiful Tazza of antique porphyry.

From a MS. headed "Memoranda of Rome, 1815, 1816, 1817, by J. S. H." :—

Cardinal Consalvi proposed that I should have the honour of a private interview with the Pope to place in his hands the splendidly-bound Book on the Slave Trade sent to me for that purpose by Mr. Wilberforce. I had already been presented to him in the usual form, but I gladly availed myself of an opportunity of more nearly approaching a Pontiff whose trials and virtues rendered him an object of peculiar interest. On the day of my reception he gave audience at the Vatican to several Ecclesiastics, and I paced the ante-chamber for some time before my turn came. The book was under my arm, and I was amused by hearing the speculations of his retinue as to the object of my audience. At length they decided that I was an English *savant*. The Pope received me with kind cordiality, and allowed me, after a little previous conversation, to unfold a print contained in the volume representing the interior of a slave-ship, and to draw his attention to its painful details. He looked at it with expressions of pity, and said that Spain and Portugal must, and he trusted would, act in concert with our government for the abolition of the Slave-trade.* I said that Mr. Pitt had deliberately asserted that it was the greatest practical Evil which afflicted the human race. He caught at the name of Pitt, saying he was acquainted with it, and had lately seen his niece† and conversed with her about him.

It was impossible to approach Pius VII without sentiments of esteem and interest. His features were regular and well-formed, and at the age of seventy-eight his raven locks hung about his shoulders almost without a grey hair. At the festivals of Christmas and Easter, when he officiated at High Mass in St. Peter's, the contrast of his pale face and ascetic aspect with the splendour that surrounded him was most striking. A more splendid procession cannot well be imagined. Long files of Cardinals in their state robes followed by a train of Bishops; then came the Officers of the Household, the *Guardia Nobile* (Body-guard), arrayed in gorgeous uniforms, the Swiss Guards clad in armour, finally a long succession of Religious Orders. In the centre of the procession the Pope himself, magnificently clad and wearing the

* Shortly after, Consalvi told me that everything promised on the part of the Pope had been done. A letter from His Holiness had been sent to the Court of Madrid, strongly urging its co-operation, and a Nuncio, setting out for Brazil, carried with him very pressing instructions to the same effect.—J. S. H.

† Lady Griselda Tickell, sister of Lady Hester Stanhope.

Triple Crown, was borne aloft on a throne raised on the shoulders of his attendants, a floating canopy over his head, and huge fans of white ostrich feathers waving by his side. I never can forget the intensity of devotion with which, on elevating the Host and moving round the great altar under the dome of St. Peter's, he kept his eyes fixed on the Wafer ; at the same moment the Silver Trumpets sounded and the vast assembly sank on their knees. It was a truly imposing sight.

I once asked Cardinal Consalvi about the Pope's personal habits. He told me they were all simplicity and abstinence, adding : " Your butler dines every day more luxuriously than the Pope." We heard much of his fasting and prayers, and by the end of Lent, in 1817, his pallor was deathlike, in consequence, it was said, of his extreme austerity. Bred a monk, he had retained in his elevated position all the strictness of monastic habits.

Ignorance of the literature, the politics, and the religious condition of England was common among these high Roman dignitaries. " The English," said Cardinal Caccia Piatti to me one day, " are, we understand, all followers of Hume and Gibbon." Shortly afterwards the Cardinal called on me to complain of the great concourse of carriages belonging to English families assembled every Sunday round a house in the Piazza Trajana Colonna, where the services of the Church of England were regularly performed in a large room hired for the purpose.* " Your Eminence surprises me," I replied. " Was it not only the other day that you were reproaching us with being a nation of unbelievers?"

The only member of the Sacred College, with whom I was acquainted, who admired our literature and spoke of it with interest and appreciation was Malvasia, Cardinal Legate of Ravenna. Consalvi had given us letters to him for our journey home in 1817. Chancing to reach that city on a Saturday, his Eminence sent me an invitation to a Sunday dinner-party, and another from the Archbishop of Ravenna asking us to use his Opera-box on the same evening! Although we could accept neither, his Eminence most politely followed up his kindness by successive invitations which we gratefully accepted, finding him extremely amiable and well-informed. He quoted to Louisa, who

* Consalvi, as Secretary of State, had given permission, provided that the populace remained quiet, and that none except Anglo-Saxons were admitted. On the first occasion, Sunday after Christmas, the Offertory, amounting to £220, was devoted to the poor of Rome. Another time, about £350 was given "for the Relief of the Poor of Great Britain and Ireland at this period of General Dearth. Plates were held by Lords Lansdowne, Dunstanville, and Compton, and Mr. Harford of Blaise Castle."

sat next him, the opening lines of Gray's distant view of Eton College, with great admiration and accuracy. One evening he took us to hear an *Improvisatrice*—a girl of seventeen—whose powers were truly surprising. Twenty words or more, all ending in *iglio*, were written down, and the subject given was the meeting of Coriolanus with his Mother. One of the words was *maniglio*, and everyone wondered how she would use it. A young man was playing on a guitar, without which she felt unable to improvise. She introduced the Mother as spreading out her arms to welcome her son, one of them being encircled by a bracelet (*maniglio*), on which there was great applause.

Cardinal Ruffo was a lively and very fine old man, distinguished among his brethren by a cluster of military stars. They had a singular appearance on his ecclesiastical habit, and had been given as the reward of the gallantry with which, assuming the weapons of earthly warfare, he had assisted in the defence of Calabria against the French.

The most rosy and sleek-looking of the whole Order was Cardinal Fesch. If the Napoleon dynasty had been perpetuated, he would doubtless have worn the Papal Tiara, although his career had not been such as to fit him for the Calendar of Saints. Yet nothing could exceed the grave propriety of his demeanour at public ceremonies and processions; his eyes, instead of perpetually wandering like those of the great majority, were usually fixed on his breviary, and he showed a strong sense of what was due to the dignity of his Office. I had the pleasure, more than once, of viewing his collection of paintings under his own guidance. Once, taking me into his bedroom to see a favourite picture, my eye was much more attracted by another object: the Teraphim, I suspected, of the apartment. It was a splendid bust of Napoleon, crowned with a laurel wreath wrought in gold, standing on the right side of his bed.

I had often occasion to notice the utter lack of knowledge among these dignitaries regarding our own political institutions and national acts. With the exception of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh, they scarcely knew even a name among our distinguished men. The functions of the Opposition were to them utterly incomprehensible. They were convinced that anything of that nature should be instantly suppressed. That any form of opposition should be allowed to assert itself in Parliament, or thwart in any degree a government measure, appeared to them an absurdity so great, an imbecility so inexcusable on the part of the Executive, that no defence of it, on the score of its utility in a popular government, was at all intelligible. And

they wondered greatly to find that men like Lords Lansdowne and Cowper, who were in Rome, men of such courtesy and polished manners, such correct political notions, could belong to the party of the opposition!

Even Consalvi's ideas on this subject were vague, yet he had been in London during the visit of the Allied Sovereigns, and mingled with all the Statesmen assembled at the Congress of Vienna.

He made me smile one day by recounting the apprehensions which seized him on his arrival at Calais as to the possible consequences of appearing in his cardinal's robes in the streets of London:

"I was just about to change my habit," he said, "before embarking on the packet for Dover, when I met a gentleman who proved to be Mr. Ward.* I expressed my fears and intentions, but he was so reassuring that I ventured to retain my usual dress. My uneasiness returned, however, when the carriage I was in broke down in Berkeley Square, and I was forced to get out and encounter the gaze of a great Mob collected there, Would you believe it? Instead of insulting, they cheered me!"

The Bishop of Orthosia, Mgr. Salamon, calling upon me one day, my eye was caught by a beautiful pink topaz set in a ring which he was wearing.

"It is pretty well," he replied, "but you should see my afternoon ring; that is really exquisite. When I was consecrated Bishop by Cardinal Albano, and he came to that part of the ceremony in which the Ring is put on, its beauty struck him so forcibly that he started back with surprise, and exclaimed in the midst of the service, '*Ah! que c'est beau!*' I usually wear it when celebrating Mass, and always make a point, when giving the Benediction, of turning my finger so that the congregation may see its lustre. *Le peuple, vous savez, aime le brillant!*"

"Ah, Monseigneur," I replied, "you cannot say like St. Peter, Silver and Gold have I none!"

"Ah," he rejoined with true French readiness, "*je fais tout cela pour le bon Dieu!*"

J. S. H. to A. G. H. B. :

NAPLES, *May 14th*, 1816.

. . . I was amused by your account of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's

* Afterwards Lord Dudley and Ward.

prediction concerning me ; had I been in any danger of conversion, the best antidote would have been to send me abroad. Louisa is in greater danger, having received from the Pope a beautiful Rosary with a fine cameo appended to it, all of Bloodstone. This honour is very rarely conferred, so that her friends may with some show of reason query whether it has not been done in the expectation of her speedy Conversion ! Cardinal Consalvi himself brought it to her.

L. H. to ALFRED HARFORD :

ROME, *December 31st*, 1816.

I was in St. Peter's on Christmas Day, when we again witnessed the splendid ceremony you saw last year ; the Trumpets produced just such a thrilling effect on me as before. The Pope looks even more thin and emaciated. . . . Cardinal Consalvi is as marked in his attentions to us as ever, and has come three times to visit me ; a greater honour than last year, because the Vatican where he now resides is very distant from this part of Rome. John has translated all the documents relative to the Slave Trade into Italian, and I have written them out in a large distinct hand in order that they may be read to the Pope. May God bless His Holiness' endeavours to suppress these enormities ! . . . We are very diligent, I assure you, and have Giuntotardi three times a week at eight in the morning, and read Dante with him. As I could not bear to cut poor Armellini, I take him twice, and read Alfieri's *Tragedies* ; I am delighted with his strong, nervous, dignified style. Mr. Harford's view from the Tower of the Capitol is now in an interesting state—he is putting in the shadows. I am often amazed at his patience ; it is *such* an undertaking.

The appearance of Lord Lansdowne at receptions in Rome that year used to cause some merriment, for his Italian servant, finding his name impossible to pronounce, invariably announced him as Il Marchese dei Santi Apostoli, from the Piazza of that name where his master lodged.

Mr. Duncan, writing to Hannah More in the month of January, 1817, alludes to Mr. Harford's house in the Via della Croce, and describes a "Rout" given by him and his wife, at which there was

music but no cards. Two Cardinals were present, the Russian and French Ambassadors to the Holy See, some Catholic Bishops and Monsignori, besides a great number of distinguished English people.

J. S. H. to H. MORE :

ROME, *January, 1817.*

We occupy part of a palace within a few minutes' walk of the finest ruins. In the course of half-an-hour's stroll we can visit the Capitol, enjoy the prospect from the Tarpeian Rock, wander among the Temples surrounding the Forum, returning home by the Coliseum and the Arch of Constantine.

FLORENCE, *June 23rd.*

Half our countrymen come abroad to fly from *ennui* at home. To such persons, mouldering columns and arches are the height of dulness. Those are the people who call Rome melancholy. . . .

Among the friendships cemented in Rome I must mention Cardinal Consalvi. Our acquaintance arose from some efforts I made to induce him to adopt the principle of Savings Banks for the poor of Rome. He treated me with an affectionate cordiality and attention for which I shall ever be grateful. He is a remarkably fine man, uniting an expression of great dignity and sense to singular suavity of countenance and manner. His entertainments are like those of a Sovereign Prince. Everyone is in court-dress, and his table is decorated with a luxury and splendour I have seen nowhere else. During Passion Week I dined with him in the Vatican. It was a splendid *maigre* feast, and ten or twelve Cardinals were present. I was twice received by the Pope, and on the last occasion held a twenty-minutes' conversation with him, wholly in Italian, so that you will see I have made some progress in the language.

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN S. HARFORD.

During the two years spent in Italy, Mr. Harford's inborn passion for art ripened into knowledge and comprehension. He began, from 1815, to collect the paintings, one by one, which were a constant source of pleasure to him and still are to his successors. The landscapes of Salvatore Rosa and the two Poussins attracted him greatly ; still more

the sacred figures painted by Guido Reni and the scholars of Michael Angelo. Gaspar Poussin's "Storm of Wind," and a tiny exquisite Holy Family, painted on copper by Parmegiano, both came from Palazzo Barberini. The latter artist afterwards painted the same subject on a larger scale ; it was, and may still be, at Bologna.

Vasari, in his life of Sebastian del Piombo, tells how Michael Angelo, in his rivalry with Raffaele, sought to surpass the latter by uniting his own magnificent drawing with the Venetian colouring of Sebastian, who was a pupil of Giorgione. The beautiful "Sonno del Bambino" from Palazzo Boschi, Rome, now at Blaise Castle, is a result of their collaboration. Hobbema's forest glades, and the beautiful Assumption of the Virgin by Guido Reni, with its marvellous foreshortening, were added in 1832 and 1840 respectively.

When Napoleon, in his *folie des grandeurs*, sent the Apollo Belvedere to the Louvre, Mr. Harford had the good fortune to obtain the replica, made by Canova, which, during the interval, replaced the original in the Vatican.*

In the spring of 1816, A. G. Harford-Battersby became engaged to Elizabeth Grey Dundas, and on May 11th they were married at Walton Church, near Clevedon. He had known and loved her for two years, since he had spent a week at Walton when she and her mother were staying there. They met again at Frenchay, and he grew deeply attached to her, although at first she did not respond. Nothing could have been more delightful to Mr. and Mrs. Harford than this news, which reached them at Naples, and they instantly wrote to suggest a meeting in Switzerland.

Charlotte Dundas,† writing from Castle Craig, June 9th, 1811, describes her youngest sister, then just seventeen : " Bessy can talk of nothing but the happiness of returning to Carron Hall, and of leaving

* An autograph note from Canova, dated 5th May, 1817, testifies to its being the identical cast which had stood for seventeen years in the Vatican. The Apollo and Diana are believed to be the work of one artist, and both in the act of slaying the daughters of Niobe.

† Married July, 1813, to Hart Davis, jun.

Edinburgh, although if she had a taste for gaiety she would be looking forward with pleasure to making her appearance in the gay world next winter. But she would far rather carry the babies* about and make shoes for them than shine as a belle, which she would be if she were to enter the lists, as I think her quite lovely, and her manner very sweet and perfectly unaffected."

The two brothers and their wives, with Alfred, met at Zürich in August, and spent some weeks happily together. Elizabeth wrote to Louisa's mother on the 17th :

"I cannot help telling you the delight with which we met, and that we are as happy as it is possible to be. They had a very rapid journey to meet us, and we all arrived on Saturday evening. Dear people! they are so glad to see us, and Louisa and I spend hours talking and laughing together. Our two dear Husbands are equally happy ; they pace a covered walk in the rain for hours in conversation. Mr. Harford is quite delightful ; we have been enjoying a sight of his sketches to-day. Some are really exquisite, and his descriptions make my mouth water. He has given me a lovely little Geneva watch, set round with pearls, and a beautiful marble vase, copied from an antique, is coming home for me. There is a very agreeable public Table here, where everybody dines, and a band plays all the time. You meet all nations, but mostly English, and it is very amusing. To-morrow we leave for Lucerne, which is to be the *haven* from which our Alpine excursions are to be made."

A pretty villa was rented near the lake, and leaving carriages and servants behind, the five young people set off to explore the Oberland on foot or mule-back. They crossed the St. Gothard, Furca, and Grimsel passes, the Great and Little Sheideck, the Gemmi, and the Great St. Bernard. A rough pen-and-ink sketch in an old scrap-book depicts some of the party in a *châlet* near the Furca ; the two ladies, in pelisses and poke-bonnets with immensely high crowns, are im-

* Children of her sister Janet, Lady Carmichael.



ELIZABETH, *née* DUNDAS,
Wife of A. G. HARFORD-BATTERSBY.
From a painting by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A., in 1822.

patiently waiting for the chops which Mr. Naper is grilling over a wood fire. Mr. Drummond and another man are looking on. John and Alfred together made the Grand Tour of Mont Blanc. The former wrote : " Nothing could exceed the ardour of the whole party, and we enjoyed ourselves to the full. We separated at Geneva, when the Battersbys, with Alfred, went home, but Louisa and I directed our horses' heads towards Rome, where we spent a second winter."

Elizabeth and her husband spent the first winter of their married life at Blaise Castle with his mother, and in April they helped her to move her household to Frenchay. They themselves had arranged, before settling into a home of their own, to pay several visits in Scotland among Elizabeth's kinsfolk, with whom she was eager to make her husband acquainted.

J. S. H. to A. G. H. B. :

ROME, *March*, 1817.

Besides the false report of Plague in Dalmatia, Mr. North's* Grecian plans have been stopped, first by the death of his only brother, Lord Guilford, and again by that of Lady Glenbervie,† of whom, as a charming and superior woman, you have often heard me speak. These events have deeply affected him, and our plans were so dependent on his that we are scarcely prepared to move without him. The disappointment has been considerable, but I never allow these minor troubles to sink very deeply. I propose to cross the Alps in May, passing through Ravenna and Venice to Istria and Styria on the way to Vienna and Dresden. The winter at Rome has been a perpetual spring ; the Romans declare that they never remember such a season, and my pencil has been unusually active. Do you still think of going to Scotland as early in the year as you intended ? When you return we must arrange many things ; how happy—that harmony and affection will dictate all our proceedings ! Tell Elizabeth that when people attack me as being still an absentee, I beg her to become my advocate, in which case I shall be quite easy as to the issue. Louisa has found a beautiful cameo brooch for her ; the subject is the parting of Hector and Andromache.

* Frederick North, 5th Earl of Guilford, 1766—1827.

† Lady Catherine North, m. 1789, to Lord Glenbervie.

DRESDEN, *July 20th.*

I was to-day presented at court, not only to the King, but to about nine princes and princesses besides, each of whom had a little question ready to put to me. The King is a fine old man, and his manner very amiable; the princesses are young but not handsome. Nothing but French is spoken at the courts of Vienna and Dresden. Indeed, many persons of good birth in Germany are so attached to French literature that they can scarcely write or speak their own language. I had the honour of dining with the King and Queen before I left Dresden; they were extremely polite and amiable, but are both in low spirits in consequence of the large slice of Saxony that has been handed over to Prussia as a punishment for having adhered to the cause of Bonaparte.

Mr. Morier,* our ambassador here, has been most attentive to us, and we have dined three times with him in the past week. Mrs. Morier is an extremely pleasant woman, and they have a sweet little girl.

The Princess of Wales, on approaching Vienna recently, sent a courier on to inform Lord Stewart† that she would shortly arrive and take up her abode in his house; you know what a strange creature she is! This, and the fear of the Prince Regent, had such an effect that Lord S. immediately ordered his travelling-carriage, shut up the Embassy, and departed for Hungary. Before quitting Vienna he called on Prince Metternich, mentioned the cause of his flight, and told him he might do what he pleased with the Princess, but for his part he would be off. Metternich immediately took lodgings for H.R.H. at an inn, and she arrived in a state of fury. In two days she set off again, having in this short time made herself ridiculous by various extravagancies.

From Dresden we visited the celebrated Moravian settlement at Herrnhut. On the way we were greatly struck by the beauty of some newly-built villages, and found on enquiry to our great pleasure that they were on the site of villages burnt down by the French, and had been rebuilt out of the fund collected in England for the relief of the peasants.

Prince Frederick of Saxe-Gotha had given me a letter to his brother the reigning Duke, and we happened to arrive the evening before the marriage of his daughter, Princess Dorothea Louise, to the

* John Philip Morier, Envoy Extraordinary at Dresden, 1816—1825.

† Afterwards 3rd Marquess of Londonderry, cr. Lord Stewart, 1814, Ambassador at Vienna, 1814—1821.

Duke of Saxe-Coburg,* brother of Prince Leopold. My letter produced an invitation to attend the wedding and subsequent court, ending with a supper. The princess is very pretty, with charming manners, and the bridegroom a fine manly German Prince. There was far more parade and ceremony than at Dresden. We were pressed to stay for five successive days of feasting. . . .

The Duke of Saxe-Gotha was extremely plain, and squinted. He amused Mr. Harford by saying to him: "You knew my brother in Rome; is he not a remarkably fine man? I am reckoned extremely like him!" He had previously made the same speech to Mr. Stapylton, *à propos* of the Prince Regent, adding, "the only difference between us is—I paint; he does not!" touching his cheeks, as he spoke, with his forefinger.

Every gentleman present at the wedding was given a piece of the Princess's garter, made of rich watered silk, pink and silver, which he was expected to wear next day in his buttonhole.

The Harfords proceeded to Holland, leaving their carriage at Rotterdam, where they hired a barge towed by horses. They visited the Hague, Leyden, Amsterdam and Utrecht, attended by a Dutch *laquais de place*, finding the journey through the canals novel and delightful. Broek was even then a show village. They thought the Dutch were far less ugly than Ostade had painted them.

They embarked at Helvoetsluys, and had a stormy voyage of forty-nine hours to Harwich, where they landed, feeling deeply thankful that in the past two years no perils by land or water and no material sickness had interrupted their enjoyment. They went straight to Frenchay, where the much-loved mother was awaiting them at Malmaison.

* * * * * *

From 1815 to 1820 the Harford Bank consisted of the three brothers, John, Abraham, and Alfred, with Mr. Hart Davis, his son, and John Winpenny.† Through his friendship with the members of Lord Liverpool's administration, Mr. Hart Davis was induced to aid in

* Prince Albert was the second son of this marriage.

† In 1820 it was amalgamated with the Miles Bank.

floating a Government Loan on the understanding, as he believed, that no change in the currency should be made at the time. Yet a young member, the future Sir Robert Peel, was permitted to introduce a bill materially affecting it, which became law. The Rothschilds, wrathful at their exclusion, worked against the Loan, and Mr. Hart Davis was forced to borrow considerable sums from his partners and from the Miles Bank.* Realising in 1819 that his efforts were hopeless and disaster inevitable, he faced it with fortitude, giving up all his possessions to cover his liabilities. His fine collection of Old Masters went to Leigh Court, Mr. Miles also receiving a property near Cardigan. John Harford and A. G. Harford-Battersby became joint owners of the Peterwell Estate, near Lampeter, where Mr. Hart Davis had done much judicious planting on the hill-sides. Alfred Harford received several farms in Carmarthenshire, now belonging to his daughter, Mrs. Methuen. Mr. Hart Davis continued to represent Bristol until 1831. A colonial appointment at Mauritius was procured for his elder son, who, with Charlotte his wife, spent many years in the island, sending home spirited water-colour sketches of the natives. Mr. Davis and all his family possessed a charm and a kindness which no misfortunes could cloud, and the loyalty of their friends suffered no eclipse. The Ministry did not forget to bestow consolation in his troubles.

Lieut.-General Sir S. F. WHITTINGHAM,† G.C.B., to L. H.

3, Harley Street, 14 Dec., 1819.

I had a long conversation the other day with Lord Castlereagh. He said, amongst other things, that he was extremely sorry for the shock which his friend, Mr. Davis, had received since my departure; "not," he added, "that you must imagine for a moment that anything that has passed has in the slightest degree lowered him in our opinion, for on the contrary I assure you he never stood so high. He has borne his unmerited misfortunes with a strength of mind which does him infinite honour, and the value of his character was never so well

* From a MS. of his daughter Clementina.

† Commander-in-Chief at Madras, 1839-41.

known as since his late trial." Truly, my dear Louisa, I would not barter the smallest atom of the estimation of good men for all the mines of the Peru!

H.R.H. the Regent said the other day : " There is not a man in the House of Commons, without one single exception, for whom I have a higher regard and esteem than for Hart Davis."*

While on a visit to the Palace, Gloucester, in the spring of 1820, Mr. Harford made the acquaintance of Thomas Burgess, Bishop of St. David's.† The Welsh prelate spoke of his earnest desire to organise a college in his large diocese where young men could be prepared for ordination. Visiting Peterwell in the summer, Mr. Harford found that, of the two places proposed for the college, the Bishop was inclined to choose Lampeter as more convenient and accessible than Llandewi-brefi. He determined to investigate possibilities, and a site quickly suggested itself. The castle of Lampeter once crowned a slight eminence above the river Teifi, but there was no trace of the ruins beyond a small mound where the keep had stood. The two brothers jointly offered the piece of land, nearly three acres, to the Bishop, and it was gladly accepted. Mr. C. R. Cockerell, "an artist no less than an architect," designed and carried out the building of St. David's College. More than eighty years have elapsed since it was opened on St. David's Day, March 1st, 1827, and while still fulfilling the thought of its founder, the College has developed far beyond his dreams, and proved itself invaluable to the Church and the cause of education in Wales.

J. S. H. to A. G. H. B. :

Abergwili Palace, Dec. 20, 1821.

Early on Monday morning, in fine weather, we started in the Bishop's coach and four : his lordship, Cockerell, and myself, unattended

* George IV showed his good will by offering a baronetcy to Mr. Hart Davis. It was gratefully declined ; but a further offer of Commissionerships in the Customs and Excise for his two sons, when vacancies should occur, was gladly accepted.

† Translated to Salisbury, 1825.

by any chaplain, which was the more agreeable. As we entered Lampeter the people came crowding out of their houses, cap in hand, all smiling and triumphant. We drove up to the Black Lion, and in a few minutes proceeded to the ground. I felt rather nervous as the moment of decision arrived, fearful lest I might seem to have over-coloured the advantages of the site, but you will be glad to hear that both the Bishop and Cockerell were as much pleased and satisfied with it as I could desire. We returned to the inn and lunched, and then, at Mr. Williams' request, moved off to dine and sleep at Falcondale. In the evening the plan of the College was beautifully sketched by C., and its legislation discussed between the Bishop, Williams, and myself. We dined with Major Evans (Highmead), and met with his usual hospitable reception. Next day Mr. Jones of Derry and Mr. Jones-Gwynne of Monachty called on me at the Black Lion. I had a long talk with Williams,* in which I frankly and fully stated to him the reports of his neglecting the school and his devotion to sport, pointing out the obvious injury to himself and the College. You will be glad and surprised to hear that not only was our interview very friendly, but it ended in his commissioning me to assure the Bishop and Major Evans that he renounced the gun absolutely for two years, and probably for ever. We reached Abergwili for a late dinner, and the Bishop cordially hailed my accounts of Williams and other matters. Thus has ended the business, and when I look at its public consequences and compare its present maturity with the embryo thought that first suggested the scheme to me, I feel we may now see one happy and interesting result of our becoming possessors of this Peterwell estate.

Between 1821 and 1824 Mr. and Mrs. Harford spent some time at Cambridge; he kept several terms at Christ's College, attended lectures, and made many congenial friendships, notably with Dr. Whewell, afterwards Master of Trinity, and Adam Sedgwick,† Professor of Geology.

* Archdeacon John Williams, 1792-1858, Vicar of Lampeter, 1820-33, but did not reside after 1823. A distinguished scholar, his true vocation was teaching, but it was combined with a passion for sport that led to irregular hours and spasmodic lessons. J. G. Lockhart had known Williams at Balliol, and by his advice Sir Walter Scott's son, Charles, became the Vicar's pupil at Falcondale, which he had rented. Sir Walter wrote rather dubiously to his son in November, 1821: "I am very glad you are attending closely to make up for lost time. Sport is a good thing both for health and pastime, but you must never allow it to interfere with serious study" (*Lampeter*, by George Eyre Evans).

† 1785-1873. Woodwardian Chair of Geology, 1818.

John Harford writes in July, 1822: "We spent a very happy spring at Cambridge. The latter end of May, Dr. Kaye, Bishop of Bristol, proposed that the Senate should vote two hundred pounds for the Welsh College, which was carried *nem. con.* Through the intervention of Mr. Davis the case had been brought before the King, and a splendid gift of a thousand pounds was sent by His Majesty with gracious promptitude, accompanied by a letter warmly commending the scheme. The Bishop of St. David's, anxious that Oxford, his own beloved University, should support him as well as Cambridge, begged me to go there just before Commemoration, and with the aid of letters from him to Heads of Houses, and another from Sir T. Acland to Dr. Coplestone, bring his scheme before the University. Getting out of the stage-coach on Saturday, the 15th June, I could hardly help saying to myself: 'Hapless Adventurer! you are making a bold attempt without adequate means. You are not acquainted with a single Don, and have to complete your task in three or four days. Prepare, then, for disappointment!' I sat down and wrote to Dr. Coplestone, enclosing the King's letter and another announcing the Cambridge donation. Next morning I sent off my letters to the Heads of Corpus and Jesus, and one to Elmsley, who was a Roman acquaintance. Monday was the fateful day, and Rumour said that the petition would be rejected. I went that evening to the first Concert, and was enchanted with Miss Stephens'* powers. Tuesday morning, breakfasting with Coplestone, he began to speak on the subject in that kind of tone which usually announces defeat. I could scarcely believe my ears when he informed me that the University had voted two hundred pounds for St. David's College, and that the degree of D.C.L. would be conferred on myself. It had been proposed and carried, so he assured me, in a way most flattering to my feelings. Elmsley had sounded me on the previous day, and I could only say that I should most certainly value a distinction which would give me through life a

* Kitty Stephens, d. 1882, 2nd wife of 5th Earl of Essex.

literary connection with Oxford. On the Wednesday morning I went through the ceremony of admission in company with four others, one of whom was Mr. Heber, the member for Oxford. The Doctor's scarlet gown and large flat cap of black velvet were lent me by the Head of Magdalen, Dr. MacBride. After luncheon in the great hall of Pembroke College, a procession was formed to the Theatre, where the usual ceremonies took place, witnessed by a large assemblage, including the Prince and Princess of Denmark. The success which had crowned the object of my coming to Oxford, and the gratifying distinction so unexpectedly coupled with it, following so quickly on anticipations of a very different result, produced feelings of the purest and most unmingled delight. Oriel College had also spontaneously voted a hundred pounds. The Bishop of St. David's is so elated that he has determined to lay the first stone on the King's birthday, August twelfth."

That function took place accordingly, in glorious weather, and Mr. and Mrs. Harford, who were present, afterwards spent some days at the little inn above the beautiful wooded glens of the Devil's Bridge, near Aberystwyth.

The Rev. Llewelyn Lewellin* was appointed the first Principal of St. David's College; he remained there for fifty years, and presided over the Jubilee celebration in 1877. Alfred Ollivant, the Vice-Principal, afterwards became Bishop of Llandaff, the first of many distinguished prelates sent forth from Lampeter. The Welsh Professor was Rice Rees of Jesus College, Oxford, who on March 24th, 1827, wrote to his uncle, the Rector of Cascob:

I came here to settle on the 26th of February, when everything was in a very unfit state of preparation: not even a single plate for the Hall, nor a cooking utensil for the kitchen, yet about sixty students were expected to dine in College on the first of March. This did not happen from any fault of ours, for orders had been given in due time but were not executed. By the exertions, however, of the Principal,

* Afterwards Vicar of Lampeter and Dean of St. David's.

seconded by Mr. Harford, things were brought about so well and with such despatch as to excite the surprise of everyone. . . . On Sunday, the 4th March, prayers were first read in College in the Hall, as the chapel was not ready, and on the next day I had the honour of being the first to give lectures at St. David's to a class of about eighteen men, in St. John.*

Dr. WHEWELL† to J. S. H :

TRIN. COLL., CAMBRIDGE, *December 12th, 1827.*

The possibility of our some time or other seeing you at Blaise Castle is, I assure you, a subject on which Sedgwick and I often talk with agreeable hopes ; and his sympathies are by no means entirely locked up in the stony chambers of the nether world and among the monsters that have inhabited them. At present our worthy professor and Buckland are at issue on a point connected with the antediluvian menagerie. The occasion of this difference of opinion are certain impressions to be found on the flakes of rock which are upon some of the strata in Dumfriesshire. These vestiges the Oxford geologist holds to be footsteps of animals that came to gambol on the strata as soon as they were deposited and while they were yet moist and soft. Our friend, on the contrary, utterly disallows this indecent haste on the part of these beasts to make use of the new-formed earth before its crust was even baked. When they disagree we, of course, may be content to be ignorant. Sedgwick has been making during the summer a very vigorous and successful tour round almost the whole coast of Scotland, but he is now plagued with a weakness in one of his eyes owing to the mutiny of a piece of pitch-stone rock under the discipline of his hammer. He lectures, if you choose to trust my judgment, better even than when you heard him. Smyth, too, has been giving, during last year and this, a most excellent and every way admirable course of lectures on the French Revolution, having thus ventured on that strange and stormy territory at the boundary of which he used formerly to pause. He seems to me to have gone on this prolongation of his course with added glory ; clothing a sound and temperate philosophy in graces of composition not inferior to those which his earlier years put forth. You see that I write in the most college-like manner about such college matters as lectures are, and that my talk is

* *Lampeter*, by G. E. Evans.

† William Whewell, 1794—1866. Mathematical Lecturer, 1818 ; Master of Trinity, 1841.

not exactly of bullocks but of professors. The fact is that these are the things most present to my mind, and I have hardly time to turn my thoughts to anything else : having involved myself in so many duties and offices that they leave me little leisure for digression. I still cherish a hope of seeing you and Mrs. Harford in Cambridge, London, or at Blaise.

Most truly yours, W. WHEWELL.

A GEOLOGICAL LECTURE.

In Ashmole's ample dome, with looks sedate,
 'Midst heads of Mammoths heads of houses sate,
 And tutors close with undergraduates jammed,
 Released from cramming, waited to be crammed.
 Above, around, in order due displayed,
 The garniture of former worlds was laid.
 Sponges and shells in lias moulds immersed,
 From deluge fiftieth back to deluge first.
 And wedged by wags in artificial stones
 Huge bones of horses, now called Mammoth bones ;
 Lichens and ferns which schistous beds enwrap,
 And, understood by most professors, Trap.
 Before the rest in contemplative mood
 With sidelong glance th' inventive master stood ;
 And numbering o'er his class with still delight,
 Longed to possess them cased in stalactite.
 Then thus, with smile supprest,
 " In days of yore
 One dreary face Earth's infant planet bore.
 No land was there, nor ocean's lucid flood,
 But mixed of both, one black abyss of mud,
 Till each repelled, repelling, by degrees
 That shrunk to rock, this filtered into seas.
 Then slow upheaved by subterranean fires
 Earth's ponderous chrystals shot their prismy spires.
 Then Granite rose from out the trackless sea,
 And slate, for boys to scrawl—when boys should be ;
 But earth as yet lay desolate and bare,
 Man was not then—but Paramondras were.
 'Twas silence all and solitude. The Sun
 (If Sun there were) yet rose and set to none,
 Till fiercer grown the elemental strife,
 Astonished Tadpoles wriggled into life,
 Young Encrini their quivering tendrils spread,
 And tails of Lizards felt the sprouting head.
 (The specimen I hand about is rare
 And very brittle—bless me, Sir, take care !)
 And high upraised from ocean's inmost caves

Protruding corals broke th' indignant waves.
 These tribes extinct, a nobler race succeeds,
 Now sea-fowl scream amidst the plashy reeds,
 Now Mammoths range, where yet in silence deep
 Unborn Ohios hoarded waters steep. . . .

"Now to proceed:

This Earth, what is it? Mark its scanty bound,
 'Tis but a larger football's narrow round;
 The mightiest tracts of ocean—what are these?
 At best but breakfast tea-cups full of seas.
 O'er this a thousand deluges have burst,
 And quasi-deluges have done their worst.
 Allow me now this map of mine to shew,
 'Tis Gloucestershire ten thousand years ago."

* * * * *

It being the object of the versifier to produce at present merely a specimen of his intended poem, he has omitted fifty lines exclusively geological, also a digression of 2,300, of which the concluding couplet is:

"So curl the tails of puppies and of hogs,
 From left to right the pigs, from right to left the dogs."

The last couplet, which is given without any alteration from the mouth of the learned lecturer, is here subjoined, solely as an additional proof, if any were wanting, of the close connection which subsists between geological speculations and not the ideas only, but also the language of complete poetry. It will be observed that, though intended only as a common sentence of adjournment, it has all the fluency and grace of the most perfect rhythm, and of its own accord, "slides into verse and hitches in a rhyme."

"Of this enough—on secondary rock
 To-morrow, Gentlemen, at two o'clock."

ST. DAVID'S COLL., *July 6th*, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have not yet heard anything of Dr. Lewellin's proceedings as to the filling-up of the vacant professorship. When I see him next I will inform him of your kindness respecting Mrs. H. More's scholarship, for which I feel much obliged.

Mr. Phillips of Brunswick Square is still pouring his treasures in upon us. Two large chests are now waiting to be unpacked. I called

upon him when in London, and imagine from what he said that he has a good deal yet in store. He sent us some time ago £100 to pay for the carriage of his presents.

Have you happened to see Murchison's Silurian system? Due notice is taken of the fossils accidentally discovered by myself in your Cwm Rees quarry.* You will find them engraven on a large scale. They are determined to be annelides, and considered a sort of sea-worm. I am amused to find myself immortalised as a geological discoverer, one of the species being designated *Nemertites Ollivantii*. It quite passes my powers to explain the former of these words. *Sedgwickii* is another species. A third is called *Cambrensis*, and the fourth named after a Mr. Macleay, who has been so bold as to assign them their place in the scale of being.

What do you think of the notice of Sir R. Grant in the *Christian Observer*? Bishop Wilson always writes with a warm heart and a glowing pen. I daresay that it did Sir R. Grant good to get away from the strife of party politics in England.

Believe me to be, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

ALFRED OLLIVANT.

The Battersbys had made their home at Mortimer House, Clifton, then standing in the midst of fields and elm-trees. There were three children, Eleanor, John, and Mary Louisa, in October, 1821, when Elizabeth wrote to Clementina Davis from Leamington, where she was taking the waters :

There are charming drives in every direction, and Charles Harford drives me about. All I want is my husband, who has not yet joined me. My bold boy makes me rejoice that Mary is a little gentle girl ; she is sweetness itself—I wish you could see her “calm blue eyes.”

EDINBURGH, Nov. 8th.

MY DEAR MRS. HARFORD,

Here we are, safely housed with Mama. We found snow two stages beyond Newcastle, and again in Scotland ; a most sudden winter. What happy meetings we have had ! Mama's house is prettier

* On Peterwell estate,

and nicer than ever, and the nursery is arranged with everything she could imagine we might need. After dinner my dear sister Mrs. Bruce came in with five lovely children. Mama and Clementina are so much struck with Johnny, and see the same likeness which charms me to my Father and sister Carmichael. Clementina's eldest girl is lovely and elegant; more like Charlotte* than anyone I ever saw. Charles, her youngest boy, is very tall but not so broad as Johnny. Aunt Charlotte† looks so old and careworn. Sir Thomas (Carmichael) arrived last night and gives a good account of all his party. Your little pet Mary has begun to take asses' milk. Battersby is quite well, tho' he does not like the cold as well as I do!

E. H.-B. to Hon. AUGUSTA CROFTON.‡

CLIFTON, 29th Dec., 1822.

I received your packet from Miss Hall, and thank you for the little remembrances which I value much. But, dear Augusta, I have many keepsakes that remind me of you—and of one still dearer. The little cornelian brooch given by you is in constant use, and often makes me think of the gay, happy days we spent together. No one can be happier than I am now, but in youth one has no cares, while a husband and four children bring plenty, tho' blended with so much happiness that they become pleasures, and that calmer of a troubled lot, trust in God, gives a peace that the world cannot know or understand. My youngest boy is not four months old; Thomas Dundas is his name. My little Mary has flaxen curls, a skin of snow, and pink cheeks that you would love. I teach the two eldest; Eleanor reads well at four; she is a sweet teachable creature, and Johnny learns a little, so you see my hands are full. You would not know me for the wild girl you used to dance and romp with.

This letter has a pathetic side, for it was written in the bloom of health and beauty, barely three weeks before Elizabeth was taken from those who loved her so dearly by a sudden attack of pneumonia, on January 23rd, 1823. There seemed at first no sign of danger, but she herself felt a presentiment that proved too true. A line in one of her

* Charlotte Dundas, Mrs. Hart Davis.

† Lady Charlotte Baillie-Hamilton, *née* Home.

‡ Married James Caulfield, R.N., of Benown, and died 1832.

last letters gives a clue to the gentle courage with which, although passionately loved and desired, she faced death :

"I cannot wish for a happier year than the last proved to us. . . . I bless God for His goodness to me, and trust I shall be enabled ever to feel so loose to earthly cares as to live to Him always in spirit."

Lady Eleanor was with her son-in-law at the time of her daughter's illness, and the grave, reserved, heart-broken man found comfort in her presence. After she returned to Scotland, he and his children spent nine weeks at Blaise Castle with John and Louisa Harford.

* * * * *

When Alfred Harford was about thirty years of age he gave up his partnership in the Miles Bank, and was ordained early in 1824* by the Bishop of Gloucester. His brother John wrote in February : "Dear fellow ! there is a purity and simplicity of intention about all his proceedings in this matter which is most striking. He passed his exam. creditably ; I was sure he would, unless any nervous agitation should disturb his self-possession. Dear Alfred, he has chosen the better part. May grace, mercy and peace attend him in all his paths." After receiving priest's orders he became Rector of Hutton and Vicar of Locking in Somerset, where he spent over thirty years, one of the innumerable country parsons whose lives have borne fruit in the countless souls they have taught and comforted.

In his bachelor days, as well as after his marriage, William Harford was a great deal in London. A man of the world, slim, jaunty, and loveable in age as well as in youth, his lighter, gayer temperament and his love of sport distinguished without dividing him from his more strenuous brothers.

There are allusions in a pocket-book of 1823 to his visiting Sir Nelson Rycroft in Kent, shooting in Wales, spending the late autumn in Italy, and the Christmas time in Rome. When John and Louisa Harford were in London that summer, the former notes that William

* From 1820 he was at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree.

drove him in his Tilbury on a chilly June evening to dine at Wembley Park with their uncle, John Gray. William Harford married in January, 1826, Emily, daughter of John King, Under Secretary of State. Her youth and gentleness quickly won the affection of her husband's people, but, like Elizabeth, after six years of marriage, she died in 1832, leaving three small children, Willy, Harriet, and Edward. Their home when not in London was at Barley Wood, which Hannah More had quitted for Clifton, "driven out of Paradise like Eve, only not by angels," as she expressed it, with a last flash of fun.*

I remember the house in my childhood before it was modernised. There were thatched roofs, and wide verandahs opening on a delightful garden; the upper rooms, with slippery oak floors and white dimity hangings, were so cool and flower-scented.

Ashton Court, belonging to the Smyths, lies between Barley Wood and Blaise Castle. Louisa Harford wrote in September, 1822: "Lady Smyth called here to-day, coming in her chariot with four beautiful horses. Though eighty-five she has retained all her faculties, and hears perfectly. She told me she has had very little to do with doctors or medicine, and has never in her life been bled, cupped, blistered, or taken an emetic. She said that she had always loved exercise, adding "Many's the time I have followed the hounds of a moonlight morning, and I never have a fire till I've eaten my Michaelmas goose."

There is a diverting legend about this Lady Smyth, who was born Elizabeth Woolnough, characteristic but probably untrue. Her husband being dangerously ill, his doctor impressed on her that three things must be guarded against—draughts of cold air, strong perfumes, and certain foods, as any one of them might prove fatal. She left nothing to chance. As soon as the doctor had departed, she bored a hole in the wainscot of her husband's bedroom, and, inserting the point of a pair of bellows, puffed away vigorously. Musk was squirted through the key-hole, and the forbidden dishes sent up to him!

* Household troubles in 1828.

Chapter IV.—Friendships.

JOHN S. HARFORD possessed many friends among those nicknamed by Sydney Smith "the Clapham Sect." The most intimate of them was William Wilberforce; others were Sir Robert Inglis, who followed Peel as member for Oxford; Macaulay; Henry Thornton, and his daughter Marianne, who survived until 1887; Lord Teignmouth, formerly Governor-General of India; Charles Grant, Lord Glenelg, and his brother, Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay. It is difficult for us really to understand a period when leisure was quite enjoyable, and everyone, except Macaulay, used to listen occasionally. Sydney's Smith's phrase suggests narrowness and dullness, yet these men were in reality brilliant, amusing, full of zest and energy. They gave splendidly, they originated or furthered movements to help their fellow-men, especially that for the abolition of slavery. "No one," said a contemporary of Wilberforce, quoted by George W. E. Russell, "touched life at so many points." And again, "the beauty of his speaking voice made him 'the nightingale of the House of Commons,' and his running fire of humorous comment enlivened the tedium of the dulllest debates."*

"A country schoolmaster's daughter, Hannah More, still under thirty, came up to London in 1774, handsome, vivacious, innocent and full of enthusiasm, carrying without conceit or awkwardness the perilous reputation of a Blue and a Saint united. Next year, more of a lion than ever, the guest of the Garricks and Mrs. Montagu; petted and flattered by Johnson, with Garrick to read her verses and Burke to praise them."†

* *A Pocketful of Sixpences.*

† *Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, 1875.

She had a perfect genius for friendship ; men of letters, ladies of fashion, corresponded with her, visited her at Barley Wood, kept up with her to the last : Horace Walpole, Doctor Johnson, Garrick and Eva his wife, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Porteous, Bishop of London, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Boscawen,* Lady Olivia Sparrow, and many others. Her *Village Politics*, which came out suddenly and anonymously, made a sensation in London. The *Bas Bleu*, an amusing skit on learned ladies and their stiff assemblies, appeared in 1784. George III desired a copy written by Madam Hannah's own hand. Fanny Burney was fluttered and flattered by the suggestion that certain lines were an allusion to her demure self.

Hannah's pleasant, homely face in old age shines from her portrait with the radiance of an Indian summer, lively and humorous, natural and unpretending as her letters.

A scrap of paper has been preserved with some impromptu lines scribbled by Bishop Horne and slipped into Hannah More's hand at a little supper-party in London in the year 1782, "upon the celebrated Voluptuary Bamber Gascoigne upsetting the whole contents of a vinegar flask over a handsome white crape Apron worn by Miss Hannah More and the polite and courteous manner in which she bore it " :

Like Hannibal, why dost thou come
With Vinegar prepared?
As if the gentle Hannah's heart
Like Alpine rocks were hard.

All sharp and poignant as thou art,
Thy acid meets a foil,
Obedient still to Nature's laws,
Superior floats the Oil.

HANNAH MORE to JOHN SCANDRETT HARFORD.

Undated (1810).

Judge of my astonishment in learning that of all the birds in the air and all the fishes in the sea, I should select *you* for purposes of

* Frances, dau. of William Glanville-Evelyn, m. 1744 Hon. Edward Boscawen.

Jockeyship! I never sent you any message, I did not know there was any such place in Broadmead, I did not know any horses were to be sold. It was, I suppose, a scheme of our coachman, who fancies our horses are not sufficiently *genteel*. . . . I hope things are *en train*. I long for the *dénouement* of the piece. May it be favourable, if that will be for your ultimate good.*

Yours ever,
H. M.

BARLEY WOOD, *Nov. 18 (1813)*.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Robert Grant and his sisters spent a couple of days with us. He was sorry he could not get to you consistently with his attendance at the opening of term. Was not Charles's† a delightful speech in the House? but really, with such glorious material, it must have been difficult to make a bad one. I wish you had happened to be here just now, as Colonel Macaulay is with us. He is quite one of our first men; the man of all others, indeed the only man, whom Buchanan pronounces competent to follow up his researches in the East. Indeed, I believe he would have made it a point of conscience to have undertaken this pilgrimage but for the plague in the Levant. The Colonel has just received a letter from Lord Wellington, earnestly entreating him to join him in the Peninsula; were the South of France open, I think he would be tempted to go. He was Lord Wellington's aide-de-camp in India, so that they know each other's value.

Yours, my dear friend, most truly,
H. MORE.

BARLEY WOOD, *Friday (1813)*.

It has pleased God to restore us both in tolerable health to our little green home. We had, during our journey, many vicissitudes of bodily pain and mental pleasure. We stayed only two days with Mr. Henry Thornton and two with Mr. Wilberforce. There was not time to say or do all we wished; so many kind and affectionate friends flocked about us after a seven years' separation. I think we saw above thirty during our short stay at Kensington Gore: of course the body was overdone, but the feelings were gratified. We slept one night at

* J. S. H.'s marriage.

† Charles Grant, 1778-1866; cr. Lord Glenelg, 1835.

Lady Waldegrave's at Strawberry Hill, where I had formerly passed so many pleasant hours with my most entertaining and brilliant friend, Lord Orford. What a world of reflections did the scene excite : where is now that enchanting wit, and those polished manners !

26 May, 1814.

In the Bishop of St. Asaph I have lost one of the oldest of my Episcopal friends. He always showed me great regard, and used to comfort himself that I was not a Calvinist, tho' he said I associated with those who were. Poor man, he knows now that there are no narrowing names nor party distinctions in heaven.

More than fourteen years ago I voluntarily quitted the great and the gay, the wise and the witty world. I made the sacrifice cheerfully, from the conviction that we ought to endeavour to interpose an interval between the world and the grave. But I reckoned without my host, or rather without my guests, when I looked for anything like retirement. For the last month I do not think we have had fewer than forty persons a week, many of them strangers who brought letters from friends. It is not of the quality but of the number that I complain. Talking wears me out, especially as I sleep so little. Patty works as hard as the healthiest, and has herself cut out and prepared 700 articles of clothing for the children in our schools, and is now regulating and feasting near 300 of our poor women, for whom we are now vesting in 'Trustees' hands, preparatory to our deaths, above a thousand pounds.

You can expect only country news from dull country correspondents. I have had pressing invitations from Lady Olivia (Sparrow), Mr. Way, etc., etc., to meet such friends as I should like, but for creatures in such precarious health, home is the best place. I had a letter last night from Dr. Whalley, dated the 16th. He has been driven, or rather dragged, from Nivelles to Mons, and now to Louvain ; the bridges being broken down made his escape very painful. I wonder people don't think it better to be dead in England just now than alive and well anywhere else ! He had just been seeing Wellington review his troops. Be assured, when you write surrounded by my friends, I had much rather you wrote in the character of a news-giver than of a wit.

22 Feb., 1816.

We have nothing here very interesting. It must appear a paradox to other countries that peace and plenty have brought, as it would

seem, poverty and ruin into this. I hope it is only *pro tempore*, but I never knew so much distress. The rich have no money, and the poor have no work.

The Prince Regent has done himself great credit by the respect—I had almost said reverence—with which he behaved to Mr. Wilberforce at Brighton, where both have passed the winter. His invitations to dinner were incessant, and finding them often evaded, he assured him that he should never hear a word at his table which would give him a moment's pain. He kept his word, and Mr. W. frequently went, and was on the whole much pleased.

Your account of our ladies at Rome is truly surprising. They make religion a sort of geographical distinction. But depend upon it, they who exhibit no piety in Rome do not intrinsically possess it in England. Mrs. Schim. has just sent me her new three vols. of Port Royal; she has included La Trappe and Jansenius; it is, of course, entertaining. I could not but smile to see the margins crammed with authorities. Her papists are as usual excellent protestants.

Your affectionate friend,

H. MORE.

(1818).

It gave me great pleasure to hear of your being about to enter the Magistracy; it is a most important office, and requires better heads and principles than it often meets with. In our vicinity it had sunk into such low hands as to stimulate our superior men, Addington, General Mackenzie, Lord Waldegrave, etc., to rescue it from them. You will now, I trust, after seeing all that the world has of interesting, sit down in your earthly Paradise a compleat English country gentleman, which in the true and best sense of the term is a dignified and truly honourable character. After you are settled in at home we hope to see you. Adieu! It is near six months since I have been out of doors, but I hope to get emancipated if April should not retain the surly character of the months of its predecessors.

September 18th, 1821.

Mrs. Macaulay will neither let me sleep in my bed or rest in my chair if Mr. Harford is not written to. Indeed, I never did write to you with such an ill-will nor consent to a business so contrary to my

feelings and my judgment. It is no small sacrifice : why should this "lump of clay" be thought worthy of having the remembrance of its bent form and corrugated visage preserved for a little space after it has gone hence and is no more seen? But if I must submit to the despotism of friendship, you must have the goodness to communicate to Mr. Pickersgill* Sir Thomas Acland's idea of sketching the *two* copies first, that both may be originals, and then giving them a separate finish. My stubborn rejection of Mr. Gwatkin's request, a friend of fifty years, and then yielding to the affectionate importunity of dear Sir Thomas, I should feel to be unkind, unless both have the same *advantage*, if such a word may be used on such an occasion. All this is Shakespeare's veritable *Much Ado about Nothing*. . . .

P.S.—I will try with all my might not to think of the Artist till I see him. Don't tell him so! He would think it so savage. Say how long he will be employed here? Think of a week out of my little fragment of life.

Sir T. Acland passed a night here; the same buoyant spirits, the same gaiety of heart, the same soundness of principle, and—so affectionate!

2nd January, 1822.

The same post which brought me your very satisfactory letter brought me one also from our good Prelate of St. David's on the same interesting topic. I rejoyce that you have settled it, not only to the advantage of the College, but to your mutual satisfaction. I have taken a warm interest in this plan for seventeen years, and began to despair of my ever living to see it brought to a crisis. I congratulate you on lending such a helping and liberal hand to this great work. It will form an era in the history of Wales, it will raise the tone of her Clergy and also the general standard of the Principality.

I am hurt beyond measure at the unhandsome dismissal of Charles Grant† : the letter of dismissal and the newspaper announcing it reached him by the same post. He did not know but he was in high favour. The two Ministers spent their whole Irish time in his house, and nothing could surpass their praises. Lord —— said "he is the purest creature I ever knew." I am afraid too much purity was his crime. I fear his place has left him poorer than it found him. His friends fear he will be insulted with the offer of some paltry place.

* H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.

† Chief Secretary for Ireland.

I echo your wish that we were a little nearer ; one has so many things to say that one cannot write. My love to Mrs. Harford, and your excellent mother, if she is still with you.

7 Oct.

Just as I was going to write to you I received a letter from Mr. Macaulay, announcing Robert Grant's being put up by a few zealous friends as Candidate for Cambridge, telling me at the same time that he was writing to you to come up and join the Committee and help to canvass—think of the dear vagrant not being to be found ! As the Election is postponed, I trust you are returned to your household gods.

July 30, 1825.

The heat here is almost tropical. Not a blade of grass left. The complexion of my field is hardly distinguishable from the gravel walk. I believe the Farmers, like Milton's Satan, "never see the Sun except to tell him how they hate his beams." What a fine description of a drought there is in the 14th of Jeremiah. . . .

Dec. 31.

I have a delightful letter from Marianne Thornton. There is a new substantial firm in which young Henry is to be the managing partner. Alexander Baring said, "The two things I hate most are Saints and Abolitionists, but Henry Thornton shall have two hundred thousand pounds." A Baring is to be in the new firm.

Feb. 4, 1826.

I have used you very ill, but have been much hurried by business on wet days and company on fine ones. The former hurts me most, for tho' I have attained that age when "the grasshopper is a burden," and our strength but labour and sorrow, I should be more fit for both if I did not take as lively an interest in things as I did forty years ago, and have the same exciting rapidity in everything I undertake as I then had. This should not be the case of one on the very verge of eternity. My natural gaiety of temper is not favourable to religion. Minds of a graver cast have fewer sacrifices to make !

Aug. 23

Never make an apology to me for sending any visitor. The Smythes were very agreeable. Remember *you* have *Carte blanche*. I do not say this to many. Shakespeare was much in the right when, in enumerating the ills of life, he put the Law's delay in company with the pangs of despised love and the proud man's contumely. At the end of three weeks I cannot get the instrument for conveying a scrap of ground somewhat bigger than a tablecloth. They talk of twenty sheets! I need not have been in such haste to sell stock. You have done me a service—*le voici*. Don't you remember saying, "The next beggar that comes, set him to work"? One came the next day. Charles set him to work with a wheelbarrow, telling him he should have a shilling and three meals. He drove his barrow manfully, but on peeping into it Charles only saw a few ounces of gravel. At night he took his money and engaged to come next day. We have, however, never heard of him again, but the good thing is, that we have never since been pestered by a single beggar! I have at last yielded to incessant importunity, and have been carried up the garden in a Sedan, attended by a large cavalcade. I found the wood so pretty that it is well I should not see often what I must so soon leave. Can you and your *chère moitié* come on Monday and stay the night? Let me know, that I may do my best to keep off interlopers. Bring with you the learned eye and the lopping hand. I have been lopping a good deal myself to-day from every window, and think I have done very prettily—whether the great professor in the art will think so remains to be seen.

B. W., 4 Jan., 1827.

I suffer much from this frost, but have a greater trial awaiting me in the distress around me. My Shipham schoolmaster tells me the Copper Company have bought a *little* ore from Shipham; oh! that they would buy *much*! They sit heavy at my heart. They now live on the potatoes we planted in such abundance; but (illeg.) cannot buy a loaf of bread. I sent out and bought their own potatoes while they were tolerably cheap, and have had them buried in a pit, that they may have some for seed.

I am rejoiced the holidays are over. I scarcely know a severer Satire on human nature in using the best things for the worst purposes, than this, that I am persuaded there is more sin committed on Sundays than all the rest of the week, and more profligacy at Christmas than in all the months of the year put together.

5th March, 1828.

You will think it strange to have had no notice taken of your kind and interesting letter. I partook in imagination of your enjoyment of such rich social intercourse. Wicked as the world is, it is delightful that such a society can be collected in one spot. I agree with old John Wesley's friend: "Oh, what a wicked country ours is—but we are the best people in the world for all that!" . . . I am at present, through the intervention of my able and judicious friend, Mr. Macaulay, endeavouring to settle all affairs past and present with Mr. Cadell, but he is a hard man, tho' considerably richer than Croesus, and so narrowly watchful of his own interests that I could not deal with him myself, *for* myself. My poor works have been so long published, and, I am thankful to say, have had so much wider circulation than many far better books, that I have now £400 to receive, but he pays me by such small, shabby instalments that I may be dead before I receive it! . . .

H. MORE.

In July, 1830, old Mrs. Harford was lying ill at Frenchay. There seemed no reason for alarm, and it so chanced that none of her five sons were within reach. Louisa Harford, hastily summoned early on Thursday, the 29th, arrived at Malmaison by ten o'clock, to find her unconscious and sinking fast. The previous night had been one of severe pain, slightly dulled by anodynes, and the awed watchers related that an invisible cloud of witnesses had surrounded and comforted the dying woman through the long hours. Her companion, Miss Lucas, says: "It is remarkable how in this last night of her life she seemed to have assembled round her all her departed family. She spoke of her Father, of her Mother, to whom she was tenderly attached, and of her two sisters, telling us how singular it was that persons whom she had not seen for years should be with her now. At intervals her mind wandered, but she quickly recovered herself, saying, "My trust is in God—my Rock and my Shield." All night she responded gratefully to every little attention from her nurses. About five in the morning she spoke at intervals to unseen watchers, her husband, her daughter Mary, stretching out her arms, "I am waiting—come and help me. Not for

my body—it is for my Soul I want help.” Once she exclaimed, “O my adorable Saviour, come, come!” She paused a moment, adding softly, “He *is* come.”

To many these will appear illusions, bred of fever : they may be right, yet others with a deeper experience of life and death will remember that when the flame of physical life is flickering out, a sound, a presence, may be perceptible to one alone, as if latent, mysterious powers were beginning to replace those whose limits we recognise. There may be a power of sending vibrations, of projecting *thought*, of clothing it with a semblance of the sender's individuality, to compel recognition or comprehension.*

Mrs. Harford was deeply mourned by all her sons, especially John, whose tender devotion to his mother held all the depth and constancy of his strong personality. Louisa wrote of her mother-in-law : “How tenderly did I love her, and I gratefully add that she took me into her heart. I do not think a cold word ever passed between us. When at Blaise Castle, we used to spend one day in every week with her, sometimes sleeping under her roof, but on moonlight evenings we drove home, about six miles, in a little phaeton drawn by two grey Welsh ponies. Her sweet beaming expression as she greeted us, her welcome so truly maternal, and her sweet blue eyes overflowing with affection, will never be forgotten ; her memory is enshrined within my heart !”

Charles Harford lived on at Frenchay ; a contented bachelor, cheerful and argumentative. Part of his time was spent in North Wales, where he owned a small property, Bryntirion, near Dolgelly. Many years after his death gold was found there in small quantities.

Mr. Harford-Battersby left Clifton in 1835, and settled at Stoke Bishop in the beautiful old house that had belonged to the Cann-Lippincotts. Part of the buildings were 14th century, but the fine south-

* It is a curious coincidence that when Hannah More was dying she tried to raise herself, holding out her hands with a beaming look : “Patty !” (her favourite sister) “Joy !” she exclaimed.

western façade bore the date of 1676 carved above the twisted stone pillars of the entrance.* Wooded slopes and rich green pastures, now almost entirely built over, surrounded the house and the beautiful gardens and terraces on the sunset side. The boys and girls sometimes spent a summer in Scotland, staying with Lady Eleanor, and at Carron Hall and Castle Craig. They grew up in great intimacy with their Dundas, Bruce, and Carmichael cousins, and with the latter's Napier connexions, afterwards Lady Addington and Mrs. George Hope. Little John wrote from Castle Craig in 1828 to his uncle John: "I went out shooting with uncle on the first of September, and we killed seven and a half brace of partridges."

Four years later, when nearly thirteen, John went to Harrow, entering Mr. Phelps' house in September, 1832. In the same house was Jonathan Rashleigh of Menabilly, and both lodged afterwards on the same staircase at Balliol. Other Harrow contemporaries were the eldest son of Sir Robert Peel, Percy Florence Shelley, son of the Poet, Stephen Cave, Melville Portal, "Chinese Wade," and Greville Morier, son of the author of *Hadji Baba*. John was in the School Eleven in 1836, playing at Lord's against Eton; Rashleigh, also a member, did not play on that occasion through illness. In June, 1835, Dundas H. Battersby joined his brother at Phelps', and both went up in due course to Balliol, taking their respective degrees in 1841 and 1844.

Their sister Eleanor writes to her aunt Louisa, December 15th, 1841: "A note from dear John informs us that the exam. ended on Monday, and the result was as follows: 1st class—None! 2nd class, J. H. Battersby; 3rd class, Lempriere, Twiss, and so on. As he says, he is all alone in his glory. We are all indeed delighted at his success!" Benjamin Jowett was a friend and contemporary of both brothers at Balliol. Dundas also took a second class in Mathematics. The Barley Wood boys, Willy and Edward Harford, who were a few years younger than their cousins, went to Eton. Willy caught scarlet fever there

* Sir Thomas Cann, Bt., died 1686: the stables were built in 1666.

which settled in his hip, causing a slight but permanent lameness. From Eton he proceeded to Balliol ; his brother Edward matriculating at Oriel.

A man of active habits and mental as well as physical energy, John Harford rose at six all the year round. After his private devotions and study of his Greek Testament, he would ride for an hour before breakfast, usually on Coombe Hill or Kingsweston Down. In winter he read by lamplight ; his memory was marvellous, and had all his life been diligently stored. He could repeat the finest passages from the poets, in which he took extreme delight, Virgil, Spenser, Milton, Shakespeare, Gray, and Byron. In the evenings he and his wife would read, in two copies, the same play, or history, or portion of Dante or Tasso, each taking a different character. His mind and faculties were never idle, and besides his published works there is an immense pile of MSS., the result of much labour and patient research.* These tastes were combined with an immense love of Nature in all her moods and her infinite variety.

His wife showed in later years a mental grasp and comprehension which materially aided her husband in his literary work. The following verses were written to her at Cambridge in 1823 :

Dearest of earthly beings, best of friends,
Thine image Memory with these objects blends ;
My hours of studious lore and lettered ease
With thee enjoyed had double power to please.
In all my joys, oh, ever prompt to share !
And skilled with tenderest love to soften care,
Till life shall end, may thy benignant smile
And converse sweet thy husband's hours beguile.

For some time past Mr. Harford had occupied himself in translating the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus into clear and stately verse. It appeared in 1831, with illustrations by Flaxman, and others from antique gems, being followed in 1840 by a life of his friend, Bishop

* From a MS. of L. H.

Burgess. In 1857 the *Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti*—a vivid, scholarly study of the mighty sculptor, painter, poet—was received with genuine approval.* Next year a companion volume followed, containing the Poetry of Michelangelo, and studies of his contemporaries, Savonarola and Vittoria Colonna. The *Recollections of Wilberforce*, published in 1864, was completed with his wife's assistance, for blindness had fallen on Mr. Harford. The three latter works went into second editions. A pamphlet on the life of Thomas Paine had been printed in 1820, and twenty years later he acted as Moderator of a discussion on "What is Socialism?" between Robert Owen† and John Brindley.

In February, 1831, Mr. Harford spent some weeks in London, correcting the proofs of his *Agamemnon*. Daily letters were written from the Athenæum to his Louisa, who remained at home with her sister Clementina, almost apologising for his intense pleasure in the club-talk and the wider intellectual life of London. He met innumerable friends, and joined in the masculine breakfast-parties which were a marked feature in the late Georgian and early Victorian eras. Could the sparkling sallies and witty retorts have been due to the extreme simplicity of those repasts?

The Reform Bill, thrown out in April by the House of Lords, was an absorbing factor in February. Mr. Harford attended the debates in the Commons, and was impressed by the brilliant speeches of Sir Robert Peel and Mr. North. He tells his wife how the Bishop of Lincoln rallied Lord Brougham at the Club: "Well, so Hunt is to move for a Day of Thanksgiving when the Bill passes!" Brougham growled in response: "When he knows what it is, he will be far more inclined to move for a Fast!"

There is a description of a Levée held by King William. The Duke of Beaufort being absent through illness, Mr. Harford was presented by the Duke of Gordon, waiting two hours in a great crowd

* The Buonarroti correspondence had not then been rescued from the family archives: it was given to the world in 1875.

† The founder of English Socialism, 1771-1858.

before making his bow. "The O'Gorman Mahon looked—to use an old term—the Blood and the Bully, strutting with a certain air of defiance. He showed an *acre* of whiskers and beard, his shirt-frill of buff pleated silk was fastened with numerous brooches." Mrs. Harford was still too unwell to accompany him to court.

The rejection of the Reform Bill led to serious rioting in Bristol. The Recorder, Sir C. Wetherell, who was intensely unpopular owing to his having bitterly opposed the bill, came to open the Assizes on October 29th. The Mansion House in Queen Square, where he meant to pass the night, was besieged and eventually entered by a furious mob, Sir Charles escaping over the roofs. The apathy of the civic authorities and the timidity of the officer commanding the cavalry* left the mob in possession of the city for three days. The Mansion House, the Bishop's palace, the Custom-house, and adjoining warehouses, three gaols, four toll-houses, and forty-two private dwellings were sacked and burnt; the shipping in the floating harbour narrowly escaped destruction. The safety of the Cathedral was owing to the courage of a sub-sacrist and four or five Nonconformists, who faced the rioters undaunted as they advanced from the burning palace.

The following hitherto unpublished account is condensed from a manuscript of J. S. Harford :

On Sunday, October 30th, 1831, hearing that the mob was out of hand, without any effectual steps being taken to restrain their violence, he went, between six and seven in the evening, to the Council house, finding two magistrates present, Mr. Savage and Mr. George Hilhouse. To the question, what measures, if any, were being taken to protect persons and property, they replied: "They had no force, and people must protect their own property. They were trying to organise special constables who would assemble next morning in College Green." He urged them to devise means for guarding the city *during the night*, pressing them to recall the 14th Dragoons, who had been removed to Keynsham, five miles off. The two magistrates referred him to the

* Two troops of the 14th Dragoons and one of the 3rd Dragoon Guards.

Mayor, Mr. Charles Pinney, who was at Colonel Brereton's quarters in College Green. Several gentlemen promised to await his return, engaging to lend assistance if backed by the cavalry. Five accompanied him, including Mr. Brunel. Col. Brereton met them at the door, and, on hearing their request to see the Mayor and to urge his calling out the troops to defend the city, replied "that the horses of the 3rd Dragoon Guards were knocked up, and consequently useless, and that the 14th Dragoons, having acted contrary to his orders in firing on the mob, their lives might be sacrificed if they were recalled": a curious argument for a soldier to use. Mr. Harford remarked that though trained horses would be best, fresh horses might be better than none, and should be provided. This offer was rudely rejected. Further appeals met with no success, although the Mansion House, the Palace, and many other houses were seen to be in flames. Colonel Brereton merely rejoined that fresh troops might arrive on Monday or Tuesday, and that he himself was not afraid of the mob, as they would do him no harm. He then lost his temper, and showed the deputation that he considered their coming an intrusion, refusing to let them see the Mayor. Quietly, but firmly, Mr. Harford replied: "Sir, I demand an interview with the Mayor, and refuse to leave without seeing him." That message brought him downstairs with Sheriff Bengough, and he was pressed to order out other troops until the 14th could be fetched. He replied that nothing could be done before the morning. Alderman Daniel then arrived, and, drawing the Mayor aside, extracted a promise that the troops should be called out at once to defend the city. The deputation left, seeing that no more could be done, Colonel Brereton's parting shot on the doorstep, that the soldiers would be of no use as they were quite knocked up, being clearly audible to persons in the street.

By one o'clock that morning the city was at the mercy of the mob, and partly in flames. Colonel Brereton meanwhile had gone to bed, but at 5.30 he was aroused by the news that twenty-one troopers had arrived. He reluctantly led them to Queen Square, where the mob was busy, and remained to watch their operations. Major Mackworth* then took all responsibility on himself, giving the order to "charge home." The handful of troopers swept the drunken rioters like chaff before the wind, cutting down nearly two hundred and fifty. The worst was then over, and, more troops arriving in the course of Monday, order was restored.

* Afterwards Sir Digby Mackworth, Bt.

Colonel Brereton was brought before a court-martial on a charge of cowardice, but, unable to endure the universal contempt, he committed suicide before the trial was over. The Mayor was tried before the Court of King's Bench and acquitted, the jury believing that he was unable to act through apathy and want of support on the part of the citizens.

There might be turmoil in other places, but existence in the parish of Henbury was serene and untroubled by any longings for rioting or reforms. At this period the only teaching for girls was given at a small dame-school in the Chapel Cottage at Lawrence Weston. Mr. Harford determined to build a larger school consisting of two rooms,* and to furnish one of the Hamlet cottages for the use of a mistress. The new school was opened on April 25th, 1831. The Rev. Walker and Mrs. Gray presented a clock, and on every Friday for many successive years the former gave a Cottage Lecture.

In 1860 the Chapel Cottage, a consecrated building, was thoroughly repaired, and fitted as a Sunday School, and for weekly lectures.

Mr. Harford was induced, in 1841, by urgent and repeated requests, to agree to contest the Cardigan Boroughs at the next election. He accordingly visited all the districts, his nephew, John Harford-Battersby, aiding him in his canvass. Elections were swayed in those days by the great land-owners, whose tenants rode in troops to poll Red or Blue votes according to the political colour of each estate. The Whig candidate was Mr. Pryse Pryse, of Gogerddan, and his agents persuaded Major Evans of Highmead to alter his expressed intention of remaining neutral. There was a double return in 1842, and Mr. Pryse petitioned, claiming a clear majority on the entire poll. The committee discovered a majority of six votes in his favour, and allowed his claim. There was another contest in 1849, but Mr. Harford was again unsuccessful. Mr. March Phillipps wrote to him with much truth and wisdom :

“ You may well congratulate yourself on not being an Honourable

* Now used as a labourer's cottage on the Hallen road.

Member—those duties would not have suited you as well as those which now occupy you, more usefully to others, more happily for yourself.”

Speaking at a meeting in Gloucestershire in 1844 against the repeal of the Corn Laws, Mr. Harford’s words seem curiously prophetic. He recounted that while talking to a foreign statesman in high office, the latter had said to him, “You may depend upon it that, make what changes you will, manufactures have increased to such an extent in that part of Germany, that under all circumstances we must and will protect our industries and manufacturing interests.”

Mr. Harford correctly predicted what has taken place in England : that arable land would be turned into pasture, lighter soils into sheep-walks, nearly a million of labourers thrown out of employment and driven away from the land, while in foreign countries thousands of fresh acres would be brought into cultivation to under-sell the home-market, the effect of which would be to practically abolish wheat-growing in England.

To J. S. H. from the RIGHT HON. S. MARCH PHILLIPPS,* whose wife was Charemelle Grant, sister of Lord Glenelg and Sir Robert Grant :

CAMBRIDGE TERRACE, *Feb.* 16/35.

When do you mean to take a run up to this bustling political place in which, however, if you come, you shall spend an evening with me as quietly as in one of your vallies. Even in the Home Office you shall be at peace. I know no one (as Dunn and I often say to each other) who mixes up the active duties and the retired delights with so much skill and success as yourself. Acland has been in town and called at the H.O., as hearty and flighty as usual, but evidently restless, like a wanderer of the deep. I always think he was intended for better and higher things than he has yet attained. You, Acland, and myself might spend a most agreeable week together ; we would clip his wings, smooth

* 1780-1862. Under Secretary of State for twenty years, and private secretary to Lord Melbourne.

his feathers, pin him down to one place, and force upon him our chosen books.

Think of my saying nothing of politics all this time—moreover, I mean to say nothing. I try to keep quiet, cool, and contented, while the world is growing warmer and warmer, till in a few days its pulse will be at fever-heat. I wish only that sound, useful, and complete reforms should be introduced, and those I think we shall certainly have.

Farewell ; write soon, tell me what you have been doing—what reading—what seeing—what feeling. But do not cross your lines as I am doing now!

S. M. P.

J. S. H. to S. M. P.

BLAISE CASTLE, *March 7th*, 1835

MY DEAR PHILLIPPS,

Your letters form a delightful comment on the poetic, and I may add the philosophic truth—"The mind is its own place." . . . It is a great attainment amongst the exciting topics, scenes, and incidents of an employment like yours for the mind to be able to abstract itself, and by communion with invisible Realities, to taste even in this bustling world the pre-libations of that Rest which remaineth for the people of God—to enter, even here, into rest, and amidst the trials and anxieties of life to retire within a Sanctuary in the recesses of your own soul. . .

You ask me what my readings and studies have been. Much of my leisure during the winter has been employed in digesting and writing out recollections of my intercourse with Mr. Wilberforce. If I make no other use of it than to lend it among friends, my labor will not have been in vain. I never abandon classical studies: Plato and Homer, Livy and Virgil, have been my companions. All through the winter I have been busy with rural improvements, thinning out plantations and adding to the beauty of my walks and drives. . . .

Most truly yours,

J. S. HARFORD.

S. M. P. to J. S. H.

16, CUMBERLAND TERRACE, *Sept. 17/38*.

MY DEAR HARFORD,

Health to you on the marble roof of Milan Cathedral! and health I should have if I could walk with you there. I cannot say how I should have enjoyed the pass of the Finsternung and the descent

from the mountains to Como, Milan and Monte Rosa. The coronation, according to my taste, would have been the least of the great things that have come in your way. For what are all the crowns in the world to the top of one snowy mountain? The Iron Crown is nothing compared with that. . . . Thus far I have been led away by your letter, and have not mentioned my dear friend, James Dunn,* who is ill—of his last illness. We shall never, I think, see again on this side of the line separating the two worlds: so fine a spirit, so heavenly a temper, for such he always appeared to me.

Yours affectionately,
S. M. PHILLIPPS.

SIR THOMAS ACLAND, Bt., to J. S. H. :

LEAMINGTON, *October 17th*, 1838.

MY DEAREST HARFORD,

I have a misgiving I shall not find you at Hampstead. I wonder if you were there when I missed catching our Cockerell on Saturday and Monday last, tho' I had but a few hours in town either day. The latter was the day on which our dear friend Dunn was finally translated from his sunny peace on earth to his eternal joy in heaven. His very countenance seemed to reflect from his heart within a foretaste of happiness. .

What a tour you have made, and how I shall rejoice to hear of the Coronation, and far more of my most kind Archduke John. . . .

T. D. ACLAND.

FROM HENRY ADDINGTON, 1ST VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH, to R. H. DAVIS :

RICHMOND PARK, *December 16th*, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,

I don't believe that I have kept the letter in question : if I find it I will not fail to send it to Mr. Harford.

The Batchelor's Prize which I gained at Oxford in the year 1779, for an English Composition in Prose on "the affinity between Painting and Writing in point of composition," was a pecuniary payment of twenty guineas, from the Chancellor of the University, a situation then fill'd by Lord North. Mr. Grenville, afterwards Lord Grenville, gain'd

* The Rev. James Dunn (Wicklow).

the Undergraduate's Prize in the same year, for a composition in Latin Prose on "Vis Electrica."

I have never yet been guilty of the crime of despairing of my country; but its present state, it must be admitted, warrants a greater degree of Anxiety, even Alarm, than has been reasonably felt, at any time, since the Days of Cromwell.

Many thanks for your friendly enquiries after my family and myself. Lady Sidmouth is a severe sufferer; but the happy Temper of her mind, under the blessing of God, cheers and supports her. Far advanc'd, as I am, in my 82nd year, I have abundant cause for gratitude, and all I have to hope and pray for is the continuance of a tranquil evening to a busy day.

I shall ever remain with great Regard, my dear Sir,

Sincerely yours,

SIDMOUTH.

S. M. P. to J. S. H.

January 27/48.

Do you remember mentioning to me the history of two memorable conversions that took place at Rome when you were there? I repeated them to my brother at Garendon, that he might mention them to Ambrose, who is in the habit of counting over the scalps of the English converts to the other Church. He could not imagine such an event having taken place, and protested that as Lord Shrewsbury had not heard of its happening, he concluded that *therefore* it did not happen!

S. M. P.

BLAISE CASTLE, *February 7th*, 1848.

MY DEAR PHILLIPS,

Ever since I received your letter of enquiry respecting the conversion of two eminent Roman Catholic priests, I have been intending to send you a few authentic particulars. It is not to be wondered at that in repeating what fell from me in conversation you should have incorrectly stated some of the facts. These conversions did not occur while I was in Rome. One of them, that of Doctor Achilli, took place some years ago; but that of Doctor de Sanctis is of very recent occurrence, so late as last summer, soon after I quitted Rome. Doctor Achilli was known to Chevalier Bunsen at the time he was Prussian

Minister in Rome, and he will tell you, as he has told me, that he was a man of acknowledged learning and character, filling the responsible position of Head of the Dominican Collegio della Minerva, besides being Rector of a large parish, and certain of further advancement. There was consequently every secular motive to tempt him to remain as he was. It was by studying the Holy Scriptures that he became convinced of the errors of his own Church. His heretical opinions, which he was too honest to conceal, soon became notorious, and he was incarcerated in the Inquisition for a long time during the reign of Gregory XVI. Being released through the intervention of the Pope himself, he withdrew to Corfu, and eventually settled at Malta, pursuing for some years his Theological studies, and he now edits a monthly periodical, *L'Indicatore*. . . .

Believe me, ever yours,

JOHN SCANDRETT HARFORD.

S. M. P. to J. S. H.

LEAMINGTON, *March*, 9/49.

I had unmixed pleasure in your letter, except when you say Mrs. H. has been having influenza: I rather think the best suffer most from that illness. I agree with you about the memoir of Buxton, who was an excellent man, both morally and intellectually as bold as a lion, and a most warm-hearted friend. You do not mention that book which all the world is now reading, Macaulay's *History*. It will live, of course, and be thought generally a great work among other histories. It shows all his powers, and overflows with information; it is often eloquent, sometimes a little declamatory, or rather rhetorical. He draws character well and powerfully, and much in detail. Does he not occasionally show personal dislike or prejudice, and exaggerate the bad? Though I will not presume to say he condemns and reprobates beyond justice and truth. He actually *gibbets* (and in irons that will last) Charles II and James II; most justly I think. The difference between them seems to be that James II, beyond the vices that he had in common with his brother, added cruelty of the worst description.

The *Phædo* you have finished long since, I suppose. I have not read Greek for many years except in the Greek Test.; that I read almost daily, always with increasing interest. I would not excuse you if you were to suffer this divine Book to be displaced by Plato or even

the finest Attic. You may read them *both*, for contrast or comparison, for both are wonderful, though one only is divine.

The latter part of April we go probably to Garendon, to meet Spring (Rice),* *ver Novum, ver floridum, ver Canorum*. Farewell, let me hear from you soon.

S. M. P.

Dec. 27/49.

I was glad to receive your letter from Lynton. And have you really had there "six weeks of unmingled happiness and peace"? Why, it was a Golden Age, an allowance very uncommon. I have read your speech, and pronounce it very good. I have not a word to say against your Conservatism, accompanied as it is by moderation and good temper. But you pay Conservative principles too high a compliment when you attribute to them your feelings against despotic tyranny and so on, for I am persuaded you would have had the same feelings if you had been bred a Whig. Your gallantry to the Welsh ladies was flattering, and will win them over for the next canvass. I rather think you must be a good canvasser. Farewell; yours ever truly,

S. M. PHILLIPPS.

The death of Mr. Hart Davis in 1842 caused the deepest sorrow to Mr. and Mrs. Harford. A year or two later his younger son, Richard Vaughan Davis, was married to Annie Charlotte, daughter of Major Bates, and the three sons and three daughters of that union proved an immense source of pleasure to the childless uncle and aunt. An intense love for children and delight in their presence characterised Mr. Harford, and two generations of nephews and nieces found him the best of playmates. A gracious and kindly hospitality was dispensed at Blaise Castle. The American Minister, Edward Everett, and the Prussian Minister, Chevalier—afterwards Baron—Bunsen, soon to be doubly connected with the Harfords, with his wife and son Ernest, came in 1843 for the launch of the *Great Britain*,† followed by a

* "The new Spring, flowery Spring, tuneful Spring," was Thomas Spring-Rice, afterwards Lord Monteagle, Under Secretary of State for the Home Office.

† One of the earliest iron screw steamships.

dinner-party at Leigh Court. Other guests in the early Forties were Sir Fowell and Lady Buxton, Archdeacon Robert Wilberforce, Lord Harrowby, full of amusing political anecdotes, and Bishop Wilson of Calcutta. The Bruces of Arnot, with Clementina and Eleanor, Sir David and Lady Kinloch (Eleanor Carmichael) and their children, the Egerton Leighs, cousins on the Gray side, and many others. The name of William Wilberforce has been connected for many years with a certain sunny bedchamber, and an oak-fringed knoll in the woods, looking down the glen. There were three Royal guests in 1844-5, first the Prince of Prussia,* who came over to luncheon from Badminton, accompanied by Bunsen and the Duke of Beaufort, crossing the ferry from Pill after visiting the *Great Britain* and Leigh Court. Six weeks of Paradise at Lynton followed, ending with delightful visits to the Aclands at Killerton, the Kennoways at Escot, Alfred Harford at Locking, and William at Barley Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Harford returned home in December to entertain the Duc de Bordeaux, better known as Comte de Chambord, who was staying in Clifton. Mrs. Harford wrote: "That evening we were invited by the old Marquise de Sommerey to a party at her house to meet H.R.H. No other English were present except Lady John Somerset and her second daughter. It was quite a regal reception; we all stood in a circle round the Duke for quite a long time, till he begged us to be seated. Lady John played, and two or three quadrilles were danced in which the Duke joined. All the French wore cockades of white ribbon on their coats. H.R.H. requested Mr. Harford to call on him if he should be in the same place as himself on the Continent, and we took our leave about eleven."

Mr. Harford wrote in his diary earlier in the year: "I scarcely ever remember a time when I was more conscious of the beauty of this place, or more highly prized the privilege of its ownership."

Queen Adelaide also visited Henbury, driving over Kingsweston

* 1797-1888. William, King of Prussia, 1861; German Emperor, 1871.

Down with her sister, Duchess Ida of Saxe-Weimar. Mr. Harford met her on the down, escorting her to Blaise Hamlet, and afterwards to the house, where Mrs. Harford received her in the portico.

The young Battersbys, as George Richmond painted them, had grown up tall and slight, with a marked air of distinction. Eleanor inherited her father's pointed features and prominent nose, softened by expressive blue-grey eyes and dark brown curls, a slight tinge of gravity marking her early responsibility as lady of the house. Mary, slender and graceful, with her lovely singing voice, her cameo-like face and fair colouring, contrasted effectively with her sister. She retained the same beauty of outline and slenderness of figure to the end of her long life. The brothers both possessed finely-proportioned frames, and John stood just under six feet. He was then, and always, strikingly handsome, with a classic profile and short aquiline nose. Dundas, fair and fresh, with a beaming, sunshiny expression.

The spell of Italy had fallen on every branch of the family. When Eleanor was just eighteen, she and her father had joined the Harfords and travelled with them for several weeks in the summer of 1836. Seven years later, Mr. Battersby decided on a year's holiday with his daughters. They reached Paris early in March, 1843, where John joined them, and they drove through France and Italy to Rome, arriving on April 1st. The following winter was spent there, and it was not until the end of May, 1844, that they returned to London, where they found Mr. and Mrs. Harford established in Jermyn Street. Their uncle notes in his diary that he had been a great deal with "dear Acland" since they came up in February, and was much amused at Bunsen's description of him: "Traversing the streets of London with Sir T. Acland is like walking arm-in-arm with a grasshopper!"

The Harfords and Battersbys proceeded together to Oxford, where Dundas awaited them, for the Commemoration Week.

John Harford-Battersby had left Rome early in March, with his

friend Wynne, for Corfu. Invitations poured on them, and John enjoyed meeting "Hardinge of Balliol, now in the Rifle Brigade," but they tore themselves away, and went through Albania and Greece, partly on horseback and partly by boat. From Athens they went to Constantinople, returning by sea to Naples, where they parted, and John spent some weeks in Southern Italy, sketching with his friend, Edward Lear. His uncle welcomed him at Blaise Castle in August in excellent health, noting that "travel had opened and enlarged his mind, and given a powerful impulse to his whole character. There is a peculiar sweetness and ingenuousness in his manner, and he has become a capital draughtsman."

The spring of 1845 was signalised by the death of an old and valued friend, Philip John Miles of Leigh Court, which brought to a point Mr. Harford's waxing inclination to withdraw from the Bank, and in October he retired. His nephew John felt no desire to succeed him. As a boy, he had longed for the Navy, but it was not allowed, and before reading for the Bar he had claimed a year or two of travel and wandering with his gun and sketch-book. Architecture, especially ecclesiastical, was his great hobby through life. His sketches are bold and vigorous; he had a fine sense of colour and atmosphere; his drawing is unusually accurate and effective.

Mr. Battersby's heart was in the Bank, and it must have been a shock and a surprise to see both his sons choosing other careers. Dundas offered to renounce his own wishes, but the sacrifice was not accepted. His strong vocation for the Church was welded into steel by a sermon at St. Mary's preached by Archdeacon Manning, the future Cardinal, on the text: "To this end was I born . . . that I should bear witness to the truth."

Early in 1845 the two brothers left home, John to study law at the Middle Temple, and Dundas going to Oxford for his Divinity course. He was ordained Deacon in July, 1847, and his first curacy was at Gosport.

Chapter V.—Sunset.

WISHING to re-visit Rome after an absence of nearly thirty years, Mr. and Mrs. Harford, accompanied by their nephew, Dundas H. Battersby, left England on July 8th, 1846, entering Italy by the St. Gothard. From Turin they proceeded to the Vaudois valleys in the Alpine part of Piedmont, where live the followers of Peter Waldo, or Valdo, who, about A.D. 1170, desiring greater simplicity of worship, seceded from the Church of Rome. They called themselves Waldenses or Vaudois, after their leader, and in the 16th and 17th centuries were sorely persecuted. A distinguished officer, Colonel Beckwith, who had lost a leg at Waterloo, settled among them and devoted his energies to their service. Mr. Harford arrived in September, and with Dundas visited the valleys, revelling in their wild grandeur. They penetrated among the highest mountains, staying at Prali, which was only accessible on foot or muleback, and went to Balsille, a natural rock-fortress, where Henri Arnaud with 450 men long kept at bay an army of twenty thousand. They were exceedingly struck with the inhabitants and the faith and love which were the mainspring of their lives.

From J. S. H.'s diary :

On the 4th November we reached Rome, and the day after our arrival the Pope's* coronation took place. I saw the splendid procession as it passed the Coliseum on the way to St. John Lateran ; it was extremely picturesque, and the mixture of ecclesiastical, civil, and military costumes gave it a mediæval air. The Pope's gorgeous state-coach, which vied in splendour with Queen Victoria's, was drawn

* Pius IX.

by six coal-black horses, richly caparisoned. The hatless postillions had liveries of scarlet and gold, with powdered wigs and long pigtails. Then came a great cavalcade of Prelates on horseback, the older ones showing signs of uneasiness, and possibly envying the Cardinals in their great coaches. The Bishops wore flowing vestments of crimson and purple, the Chaplains had hoods over their red robes, and Monsignori wore immense broad-brimmed hats with tassels. There were Pontifical troops in rainbow colouring, the Bodyguard in rich uniforms, Chamberlains of Honor like Spanish Hidaigoes in black velvet, wide silver-gilt collars hanging low on the breast. Captain Pfeiffer, in a superb suit of armour, his troop walking beside him, was a striking figure. In a rich pavilion at the entrance of the church, His Holiness received the homage of the Prince-Senator of Rome and other civic dignitaries, after which he entered the Basilica in procession, halting on the threshold to kiss the Crucifix. The presentation of the Keys and a Latin oration followed. The Pontiff was borne aloft in a magnificent chair, wearing the Triple Crown, a canopy over his head, and fans of waving ostrich-plumes. The Cardinals were robed in white vestments, stiff with gold lace; many of them were bent with age. Lesser dignitaries in scarlet and purple passed slowly onward in splendid succession. I was very near the Pope for some minutes; his bearing was noble and kindly. He gave the Benediction from the upper portico in a clear, ringing voice, and the vast assemblage greeted him with a storm of Vivas. Trumpets, drums, military bands and the roar of cannon mingled with their shouts. There were reports flying about that the Pope had been warned to beware of accepting chocolate from the Jesuits!

So little did Pio Nono* foresee his election that he did not even attend the funeral of Gregory XVI, only reaching Rome the evening before the Conclave assembled. Cardinal Lambruschini, who had made up his mind to be Pope, is so detested that his election would certainly have been followed by serious disorders in Rome. He chanced to be ill in his apartments when the voting took place, and three Cardinals visited him to convey his vote. One of them was Micara, "il Cappucino," a man famous for speaking his mind. "Well," said Lambruschini, "who is to be Pope?" hoping to hear his own name. "If the Holy Spirit settles that point," was the reply, "it must be Mastai, but if the Devil has a hand in it, it will be you or I."

* Count Mastai-Ferretti, b. 1792, d. 1878.

Pius IX has a difficult part to play ; urged on one side by the people, and on the other opposed and thwarted by a majority of the Sacred College. Marking on one occasion a certain coldness in his reception at a public function, he said to Cardinal Altieri : "The silence of the people is a lesson for Princes."

There are many curious stories afloat as to the habits of the late Pope, Gregory XVI, who appears to have been rather fond of wine. On his death, according to his late subjects, he ascended to the gate of Paradise and tried to unlock it, but in vain. After many fruitless attempts St. Peter appeared to assist his successor, and taking the Key in his hands, found the lock equally obstinate. Looking closely at the Key, he exclaimed : "Why, no wonder you couldn't unlock it! This is not the Key of Paradise, but of your wine-cellar!"

Dec. 4. I lately paid a pleasant visit to Cardinal Mezzofanti, that astonishing linguist whom Lord Byron said must have been the Interpreter at the Tower of Babel. I had known him slightly at Bologna twenty-eight years ago. He perfectly recollected dining at Cardinal Lanti's—the Legate of Bologna—to meet Louisa and me in 1817. Mezzofanti gave me the most friendly reception ; he surprised me by his perfect mastery of English, even to imitating the Yorkshire dialect. He touched on the Erse and Welsh languages, and their affinity with the ancient tongue of Brittany. He told me that Chinese was a very harmonious language, and that from his connection with the College *de Propagandâ Fide* he had been led to study the various dialects. When Sir John Davis* was in Rome the Cardinal had addressed him in Chinese, but Davis (a noted Chinese scholar) had asked permission to converse in French on the plea that he had been many years absent from China. The Cardinal discovered that he was only acquainted with the Canton dialect!

The Neapolitan Minister, Count Ludolph, talking of Mezzofanti, told me that during an illness he completely forgot how to ask for a glass of water, or some such thing, in Italian, but vainly demanded it in a multitude of other languages which no one understood.

Jan. 1847. Louisa, Frances Bunsen, Dundas and I, went to a great reception at Palazzo Colonna, given by the French Ambassador, Count Rossi. Nearly everyone was in uniform or court dress, and all the great Roman nobles were present. The ladies showed a magnificent display of jewels ; they were literally loaded with diamonds, and as

* Sir John Francis Davis, Bt., K.C.B., D.C.L., F.R.S., 1795-1890.

they sat in a long row their appearance was very effective. Princess Doria, daughter of Lord Shrewsbury, I thought looked the most elegant and high-bred among them. Another evening, at her own reception, Princess Torlonia looked very handsome in a velvet hat and feathers with a fine *bandeau* of diamonds, and a rich white dress.

Jan. 31. I called yesterday on Sophy Ryder, finding her with another lady, and with Newman, who recognized me, and we shook hands. He looked much older, but seemed in good spirits, and his dress was much like that of an Oxford Undergraduate.

The Pincio is my daily delight, and I often walk there for an hour before breakfast. Every now and then we watch the sun setting behind St. Peter's, whose noble dome and fabric stand forth in deep shadow against a brilliant sky. When we were in Rome in 1816 and 1817, what are now magnificent drives and walks on the summit of the Pincio, adorned with statues, were slopes of rough ground sprinkled with low bushes. These great improvements were made under the auspices of Cardinal Consalvi. Several ornamental additions in very good taste were made by Gregory XVI, who, whatever his faults as a pontiff and a politician, was a great patron of the Arts.

The terrible state of famine in Ireland caused the British visitors in Rome to appoint a committee, of which Mr. Harford was chairman, to organize a fund. The Pope sent a kind message by Dr. Cullen, expressing his interest, and his intention of subscribing a thousand scudi, besides arranging for collections in three churches. The money would be sent direct to the Bishops in the most necessitous districts.

"In response to such a gracious message, we felt impelled to request the honor of an interview, in order to express our sense of the kind and benevolent intentions of His Holiness. The Pope appointed to-day—February 8—for our audience, and sixteen of the committee attended. We were ushered into a handsome room, where His Holiness was standing quite alone beneath a canopy, with a Crucifix beside him. He was habited—as was usual with Pius VII—in a white cassock. As we approached, Dr. Cullen presented me, as chairman of the committee, to His Holiness. Dr. Cullen, Dr. Kirby, and Colonel Bryan kissed the Pope's slipper. I knelt on one knee and kissed his hand ; the other gentlemen bowed."

After permission had been granted, Mr. Harford briefly addressed the Pope in fluent Italian, expressing the gratitude that would be felt, not only by the committee, but throughout the British Empire, for the spontaneous and benevolent charity of His Holiness. Pius IX. listened with a kindly smile, and replied simply and feelingly, ending by a question as to whether we were all Irishmen. "By no means," was the reply; "there are English, Irish, and Scotchmen among us."

Feb. 3. Monsignor Talbot and Pollen have been making a dead set at Mr. West, son of Lord Delawarr, to draw him over. He was rather intimate with Pollen, and being a quiet sort of man, listened to the arguments without saying much, so they naturally thought him in a hopeful state of mind. Talbot reported favourably to the Pope, who agreed to receive West and another man, and bring his influence to bear on them. His Holiness accordingly expressed his pleasure in hearing that they were so well disposed to the Church of Rome, urging them to lose no time as life was uncertain. The next day but one was Candlemas, when the Pope distributes candles which he has blessed. Touching West on the shoulder, he advised him to select that very day for the purpose. West was confounded: he was listening to a Sovereign, and felt unable to contradict him. His silence must have been misunderstood, for next day Talbot sent him such a pressing invitation to luncheon in his rooms at the Vatican, that a refusal would have been ungracious. Pollen accompanied him, and more arguments and statements were hurled at West. Talbot then produced a Faculty, signed by the Pope, authorising him to "receive" West then and there. West was roused at last, and told them he had no thought or intention of forsaking his own Church. Next day he departed to Naples, having previously sent us an account of these proceedings.

Mr. Harford spent a month in Sicily in the spring, with Mr. Gurney of Earham, and George Bunsen, leaving his wife at Naples with some friends. They then proceeded to Florence, and it was not until Christmas that they returned home.

Letters had reached Rome early in 1847 announcing the happy engagement of Mary Harford-Battersby to Henry de Bunsen, Vicar of Lilleshall, eldest son of the Prussian Minister in London. Their

marriage took place at Stoke Park in April, heralding a double alliance between the two families.

Mary de Bunsen, with her small graceful figure and lovely fairness, was called in London the little Raffaele Madonna, and John Harford-Battersby was instinctively attracted by her. Mary's first appearance in society had been unusually exciting for a girl of seventeen. Queen Victoria, who loved dancing, had suddenly summoned Mme. Bunsen and her daughter to a small private ball at Buckingham Palace. Mary, whose only dancing had been in a class with other young girls, found herself swept into the Queen's quadrille by her partner, Prince Loewenstein, and dancing a slow and stately measure, with skirts held out to show the *glissades* of small feet pointed in carefully-practised steps.

The home-life, the unusual charm and intellectual powers of the Bunsen family, and the harmony that prevailed among them, have been fully pictured in the *Life of Baroness de Bunsen*, but I may be pardoned for quoting the impression made on two very different people.

Among her childish memories the Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva) describes the atmosphere of restfulness and welcome that pervaded 9, Carlton House Terrace. The entrance-hall lined with rows of books and used as a living room, the doors standing always open, the thick, soft carpeting of green spread everywhere, and the swift, noiseless gliding of two wheel-chairs which held her mother, the Princess of Wied, and Emilia de Bunsen.* And Catherine Winkworth wrote to a friend: "One pleasant thing in a house like the Bunsens' is the constant stream of life flowing through it; you feel that you are *en rapport* with all the great interests of the world."†

J. H.-B. to L. H. in Rome :

ATHENÆUM, Feb. 10, 1847.

I have breakfasted with the Bunsens twice this week. On Monday

* *Mein Penatenwinkel.*

† *Memories of Two Sisters.*

I met there Borrow and Monckton Milnes, commonly called the Cool of the evening, a name which he has acquired by a certain cool impudence which he is supposed to possess. He is a Young Englander and a Poet. The other you know as the amusing author of *The Bible in Spain*, a man who is remarkable for his extraordinary powers as a linguist, and for the originality of his character, not to speak of the wonderful adventures which he narrates, and the ease and facility with which he tells them. He kept us laughing a good part of breakfast-time by the oddity of his remarks, as well as the positiveness of his assertions, often rather startling, and like his books partaking somewhat of the marvellous.

A letter, hitherto unpublished, from Chev. Bunsen to J. S. Harford :

9, CARLTON TERRACE,
11 May, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I have been filled with grief and anxiety on account of the perilous, yet hopeful state of Germany, and the difficulties of the situation in which my dear King has been placed. My own position is one of the greatest delicacy. Without ceasing to be the Envoy of the King of Prussia, I have become—at the united request of the Archduke John, as Vicar of the Empire, and of my own royal master—Plenipotentiary for Germany in the Danish-Sleswig negotiations. I thus unite, not only the cares and business, but also the confidence and responsibility of two embassies, Frankfort and Berlin. The central power of Germany and the constitutional King of Prussia are both my masters, only in different spheres. For the Danish negotiations I receive my instructions from Frankfort ; for all the rest, from Berlin. Unfortunately, for the last six weeks both powers have not always agreed, and now they are almost antagonistic, although the only fault which Frankfort finds with my King is his not having accepted—when offered—the Imperial Crown of Federal Germany.

I am sure you will understand the state of mind which kept me silent. As long as the case was doubtful, I could not speak on the subject ; now the fire has been kindled in Germany, and it is useless to dispute by whose fault it has been done : the evil is so great that both parties *must* unite in trying to put it out, and this union can only be obtained by a compromise.

I *know*, as well as any living man can know, that both the King and Gagern sincerely and ardently love the common Fatherland, and are united on all essential points. Thus I believe in their speedy reunion, as a good child believes in that of its parents when they have quarrelled.

The German nation can no more be governed by a Republic than by an absolute Government, nor finally be reduced to one all-absorbing central Monarchy and Parliament like France and England. The immense majority of the nation want a federal unity like that of the United States of America, but with the forms and guarantees of constitutional monarchy. And that, with God's help, we shall have as soon as the atrocity of the Republican and Socialist faction on the one side, and the impotency of absolute or military government on the other, have become evident to everybody. And this is now, as I believe, really the case.

Ever, my dear friend,

Yours faithfully,

BUNSEN.

During his diplomatic career, Bunsen had steadily kept before him the vision of a united Germany, and when the King of Prussia refused the imperial crown that was offered him, the blow to his representative was very severe. Twenty-two years later William, his brother and successor, was proclaimed German Emperor at Versailles. He found time to write a kindly autograph letter from thence to Baroness Bunsen, expressing his deep sorrow that her husband had not lived to see the triumph of the cause which he had done so much to promote.

After his sister's marriage, John Harford-Battersby returned to Duke Street, St. James', ostensibly to read law, and in leisure hours to pursue his courtship. Writing in July to his sister Eleanor, he tells her :

"I met Emilia and Mary in the Park on Saturday evening, and breakfasted at Carlton Terrace on Monday. Mme. Bunsen has asked me to join them at Kew Gardens after luncheon to-day—think of that! Of the young lady herself I am not so sure, and hardly know what to think. She seems much more constrained in her manner since I last

saw her. It is not embarrassment, for she is perfectly calm and composed, so you see it does not do to be too sure. Dunn's letter is very wise and very nice. I had no doubt of his entering into my feelings as he has done."

Wiser than his father and uncle in his instinctive knowledge of his true bent, and seeing clearly the work that called him, and that no one else could take up, John determined, after his training for the bar was ended, to settle at Falcondale, and gradually to bring order out of the chaos into which the estate had sunk, and to provide decent houses and buildings for the tenants. That was his life's work, nobly carried out, to be continued and developed by his son on the same lines. During an election tour with his uncle in October, 1849, he wrote from Pentre, near Cardigan, to Mrs. Harford :

"I am to qualify* at Aberayron on Tuesday, and on Wednesday I suppose we shall set off to Aberystwyth. My uncle is sanguine about my prospects as a public man here, but I begin to think I may be much happier and more useful at Lampeter in a private station."

Another letter to his uncle, apparently in reply to a lecture on extravagance, explains his point of view :

August 16th, 1854.

My object in what I am doing in Wales is a good one. I hope to give a spur to enterprise and improvement by introducing a better system of farming, and by living among the people and showing the interest I take in their concerns, to encourage all that is good and to discountenance all that is bad, morally or physically, in their condition. Absenteeism for a great number of years has rendered the majority of the cottages little better than pig-styes, and the inmates in a great measure ignorant and degraded. The schools have done much for the rising generation at Lampeter, and we are doing our best to get them established in the neighbouring parishes in which our property lies. If Falcondale were like Blaise Castle, and Lampeter like Henbury, I might sit down quietly to enjoy the annual accession to my capital of

* As Justice of the Peace.

"many hundreds a year"; but this, I can assure you, is completely out of the question so long as cottages remain to be built and schools to be encouraged. I do not wish to look upon it as a mercenary speculation so much as a duty which I owe to God and my neighbour, to lay out from my superfluity as much as I can spare for the good of the people on the estate.

I have time and opportunity to work for this object, and it is one which lies very near my heart—in fact, it is at present my object in life, for which I should be willing to make any sacrifice if needful. I have enough to live on very comfortably, and anything beyond a good balance at my bankers I should feel it my duty to expend in some such useful way. You will think me very long winded, but I wished once for all to set your mind at rest, and hope I have succeeded.

Your very affectionate nephew,
J. BATTERSBY-HARFORD.

His object was not attained without self-denial, giving up hunters and other luxuries, for it must be remembered that he was only joint-owner of the property.

During the Christmas of 1849 John's strong attachment and unfaltering determination prevailed over every obstacle, and he became engaged to Mary de Bunsen with the hearty approval of both families. They were married at St. James's, Piccadilly, on April 4th, 1850, by the Bishop of London, the bride in white watered silk, with veil and flounces of fine *point de Bruxelles*. Six bridesmaids followed her in dresses of pale sea-green *glacé* silk: her sisters Frances, Theodora, and Matilda, Eleanor Battersby, Harriet Harford, and Clementina Bruce. After a wedding-breakfast to all the guests, as was then the custom, had been given at the present German Embassy in Carlton House Terrace, the bride and bridegroom drove off in a travelling carriage drawn by four greys to Tunbridge Wells, on their way abroad for a long honeymoon.

According to the wish of his father and uncle, joint-rulers of the family, John had changed his name before the ceremony, by royal license, from Harford-Battersby to Battersby-Harford.

This marriage proved a rare and perfect union to which the passage of Time brought, instead of disenchantment, a riper and fuller completeness.

On the way to Italy the bridegroom wrote: "I find more and more to admire and love in her; such sweetness and mildness of disposition, combined with so much firmness and resolution. I could not have supposed it possible that such a singularly beautiful and finished character could belong to one so young."

They reached Rome from Naples early in 1851, finding William Harford, who had wintered there with Willy and Harty. John wrote to his father from Casa Diés, Rome, on March 7th:

"We are on the first floor, looking into the Via Gregoriana, and for 55 scudi a month we have a very nice apartment of five rooms and an entrance lobby. Harty fraternises very much with Mary; she is in great spirits, but rather overdoing herself. You may imagine how happy dear M. is to be in her native place; her old nurse, Angelina, has been here, greatly pleased to see 'Maria.' Yesterday we went to the Capitol to see the gardens of Palazzo Caffarelli. Mary was delighted to find her own garden and her favourite flowers little changed though not so well kept up, and Angelina picks oranges for us."

They were recalled to England early in 1851 by the serious illness of Mr. Battersby, who died on May 7th. During the last two months of his illness, borne with calm fortitude, he could enjoy his flowers to the very last from his window at Stoke, and the view of the trees and sloping lawns in their spring beauty, ending in the blue line of hills beyond the Severn. My mother's picture, by George Richmond, hung near him: "Dear Marie, your Guardian Angel," he said to his son John, who arrived in much distress, leaving his wife at Carlton House Terrace for a time to rest from the long journey. An attempt was made to call her Marie to distinguish her from her sister-in-law, but it was soon dropped.

The gentle, unselfish Eleanor had truly rejoiced in the happiness

of her brother and sister, although their marriages had brought her loneliness. When her father's active life had been cut short by illness she nursed and cared for him with entire devotion. His was a nature that cared nothing for self-display, and there is no likeness of him beyond a fine marble bust carved at Rome in 1844, and a few daguerrotypes taken from it. His brother John wrote in 1846 from Rome: "We visited Macdonald's studio, and saw the original plaster of my brother's fine bust, now at Stoke Park. It was a pleasure to see so strong and so pleasing a likeness. He seemed just on the point of speaking to us."

For some years Eleanor divided her time between Stoke, Lilleshall Old Hall, and Keswick, where, in 1851, Dundas had been appointed Vicar of St. John's, in which parish his apostolic and beautiful life-work of thirty-one years was fulfilled.* He was married on September 19th, 1854, in the Episcopal chapel at Forres, to Mary, daughter of George Forbes of Moniack, Inverness: another of those invariably successful marriages of which the Harfords seem to possess the secret.

Alfred Harford had astonished his brothers, who considered him vowed to bachelorhood, by bringing a wife in January, 1851, to preside over his rectory—Emily, daughter of John Taverner. A little girl was born to them, Eleanor Mary, prettily curtailed to Elma.† She was only three when her father passed away in August, 1856, his brother Charles having died in the preceding January at Frenchay. Mrs. Alfred Harford went to live in Clifton with her little girl, who grew into a lovely child with long golden curls and deep blue eyes, daily riding her pony across the Downs.

Harriet Harford's good looks, gaiety and charm brightened the home at Barley Wood. Riding through the lanes with her father on a summer evening, they came across a gipsy camp, and a handsome dark girl persuaded the young lady to let her tell her fortune. Crossing the

* See *Memoir of Canon Harford-Battersby*, Seeley & Co., 1890.

† Married, 1872, Charles Lucas Methuen, of the Cameronians, who died 1905. Issue: Cameron O'Bryen Harford Methuen, born 1876, and others.

girl's hand with silver, she listened with merry laughter. Two lovers were promised her; she would be an old man's darling, or choose between him and a young man. "Which must I take?" said Harty. The gipsy replied with emphasis, "Better make hay while the sun shines." Next year William Harford took a house in London, and his daughter enjoyed the season immensely. Two lovers really made their appearance, one considerably older than the other, and Harty hesitated between them, finally choosing the younger, Willoughby Hurt Sitwell, of Fernie Hall in Shropshire. Their happiness was of short duration, for she died at the birth of her son in 1855.

Willy Harford, after leaving Oxford, entered the Miles' Bank in 1854, and remained in it after its absorption into the Union of London and Smiths Bank until shortly before his death, when his younger son, Hugh W. L. Harford, replaced him. He married in 1855, Ellen, daughter of the Rev. W. Tower of How Hatch, Essex, and they made their home for many years at Lawrence Weston, near Blaise Castle.

Edward Harford was ordained in 1860, after graduating at Oriel, and his first curacy was at Deal. At the end of a year or two he became curate at Henbury, under the Rev. John Hugh Way, where he was truly valued by rich and poor. In 1864 he married Gertrude, daughter of the Rev. Sir Thomas Bridges, Bt., Rector of Danbury, Essex, and their close neighbourhood greatly cheered the old couple at Blaise Castle through their latter years.

Two daughters, Lilla and Lisa, were born to Henry and Mary de Bunsen, gladdening the latter years of Mr. Battersby's life. Eleanor Harford-Battersby gradually found her sphere of work at Lilleshall, where she rented a pleasant roomy cottage. Her experience at Stoke Bishop, where she had organised and superintended the village school, proved very valuable, and she held classes for half-grown lads and older men, influencing and raising them by her example as well as her teaching. She upheld the cause of Temperance, combating drunken-

ness and the evils that follow in its train with signal success, and lived to see the fruit of her love and self-denial in the lives of those whom she had trained. Her brother and sister-in-law at Falcondale were equally unwearied in their efforts to promote Temperance and diminish the abnormal number of public-houses.

The British Archæological Institute held their meeting at Bristol at the end of July, 1851, and John Scandrett Harford, as President for the year, delivered the inaugural address. Staying at Blaise Castle were the Bishop of Oxford, Sam Wilberforce; Chevalier and Mme. Bunsen; Chevalier Kestner, the Hanoverian Minister in London; the Master of Trinity, Dr. Whewell; Waagen, the art-critic, and Charles Kennoway. Mr. and Mrs. Harford gave a dinner-party, followed by a reception, when the conservatory was lit up, and Dr. Whewell gave an informal conversational lecture on Cologne Cathedral. Another day, over eighty members of the Society were entertained at luncheon and shown the picture-gallery. On the 31st Mr. Harford had four post-horses put to his barouche, and took some of his guests to spend an interesting day at Wells. A distinguished American who was prevented from joining the party wrote his regrets:

EDWARD EVERETT* to J.S.H.:

BOSTON, 21 *Jan.*, 1852.

It was truly grateful to me to find that you still allowed me a place in your friendly recollection. The visits I made to Blaise Castle were among the most agreeable incidents of my residence in England. The unrivalled beauty of the natural scenery; the great work of benevolence exhibited in the village attached to your estate; the noble residence; the treasures of art contained in it; and, permit me to add, the refined and intellectual hospitality of the kind host and hostess; these are recollections which will abide with me to the last. I am gratified that you found anything to interest you in my volumes. They are too national in their cast to command much sympathy abroad, but this tone is softened with the progress of time.

* 1794-1865. Statesman, orator, and author. American Minister in London, 1841-45.

The occasion at Bristol to which you allude was one of the most joyous of my life. I never addressed an audience which received me with greater favour. Indeed, in general, your English audiences are more sympathetic than ours. We are more like the Scotch in our frigidity of manner ; but in our case, as in theirs, it is manners alone. When the spectator at Edinburgh could say no more of Mrs. Siddons than "It's na sae bad," the tears were streaming down his cheeks.

I should indeed have greatly enjoyed the party assembled at your house for the meeting of the Archæological Institution. I reverence your old Cathedrals ; and indeed for all antiquities—where morality permits—I have a respect. All the sensible monuments which unite our passing generations into one permanent family have an interest for me ; perhaps the stronger from the paucity of such objects in this country. With every one of the gentlemen named by you as assembled at Blaise Castle on this occasion, with two exceptions, I have the good fortune to be acquainted. What would I not give for two or three days of the society of the Bunsens, the Bishop of Oxford, and Dr. Whewell !

I came pretty near running over to see the great Exhibition, but do not despair of seeing England again, though I have no immediate project of that kind.

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

Two other letters of the same year still possess a certain historical interest.

HENRY HALLAM to J.S.H. :

WILTON CRESCENT, *Jan. 16th, 1852.*

One is willing to hope that the violence of Louis Napoleon will spare some better government the odium of severe measures. France was in a state to require drastic medicines, but they could only be administered by a despotic usurper. His reign can hardly be a long one ; courage, art and decision, which he certainly possesses, will not suffice to carry on the affairs of a great nation. I think he will fall by assassination or by revolution, and I do not see how any form of Republic can have an attraction in the eyes of men after such

experiences. In fact, his success is greatly owing to the disgust of the country at the revolution of 1848. . . .

Very truly yours,
HENRY HALLAM.

EARL GRANVILLE TO BARON STOCKMAR :

BRUTON STREET, *Feb. 20/52.*

My dear Baron,

. . . I agree with all you say about European affairs and the President's disposition, excepting that he will be forced by circumstances into war. I am inclined to believe the reverse. His vague ambition, his fatalism, and his fixed idea that the Nephew ought to carry out the Uncle's ideas all tend to lead Louis Napoleon into war. The increasing necessity of inspiring confidence among the commercial classes of France, and the difficulty of getting any European power to rely on him, will have some effect, I hope, in counteracting his own mischievous notions. If he hurrahs the army and nation to war, they will follow, but he will not be forced by them to do so. It would be for his good, and also for that of Belgium and England, if he would recall Changarnier and Thiers.

Ever yours,
GRANVILLE.

MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE TO J. S. H.

BOWOOD, *Oct. 5th, 1852.*

. . . I should like to show you some new pictures here, and some terraces I have been making. On one of them I have placed two stags by Gauss of Berlin, after Rauch, which are really very striking. I have often thought of your beautiful and most delicate of coloured lithographs, and trust it will soon be published.

Aug. 22, 1853.

I must thank you for your great kindness in taking the trouble to answer now my old note of last year, written under the impression that you were still at Blaise Castle: it was a real gratification to me to learn that your Italian expedition had been prosperous, and

that you had again found, as you would always be sure to do, interest and occupation in the pursuit of art. When I am settled at Bowood in the autumn, I hope to hear more of this from your own lips. I have often thought of that most captivating piece of cilleography from Michael Angelo, having never seen anything to compare to it in that way.

The greatest accession to modern art we have had this year is in Mr. Millais, who has exhibited the most extraordinary powers, both of color and composition, at the age of three and twenty, and freed from the mannerisms with which he commenced.

Believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

LANSDOWNE.

NOTES BY LOUISA HARFORD.

My husband and I made many delightful journeys together, including four winters spent in Rome. We formed the acquaintance and very often acquired the lasting friendship of numberless distinguished people in the countries we visited, and I was proud to observe how highly he was appreciated and sought after by them.

He had a fine drawing of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel made at Rome, under Mr. Grüner, and a lithochromatic copy executed in Berlin. Forty-two stones, one to each colour, were employed, and the result was perfectly successful. The first copies reached us in London in 1852. We sent for Colnaghi—he was charmed and astonished, saying to me: “Mr. Harford deserves a statue of gold for accomplishing such a work.” That winter we spent in Rome, and before we left a copy was presented to Pio Nono. Great was the admiration and surprise it called forth in Gibson, Overbeck, and other artists who saw it.

Mr. Harford was already Member of the Academy of St. Luke, and in the spring of 1853 he was proposed by Canova and elected a member of the Roman Archæological Society. He found many old friends among them, and received a cordial welcome. A discourse was read before the Society by the Head of the Inquisition, who proved far less alarming than his official title. A banquet *à la Russe*

followed. The table was covered with fine vases of silver-gilt, a row down the centre filled with flowers, the rest containing fruit and sweetmeats. The dishes of meat were carved at a side table and handed to the guests, followed by ices, then more dishes of meat and macaroni, puddings and delicate confectionery, ending with more ices. Champagne and other wines accompanied this very modern dinner. After drinking coffee in the garden, the company proceeded in carriages to visit the Coliseum and the Forum. The Head of the Inquisition made himself specially pleasant to Mr. Harford, and offered to procure his admission to certain libraries.

From H. MONTAGU BUTLER* to J. S. H. :

HARROW, *July 23, 1860.*

The contents of the volume on Michael Angelo's poetry, and the memoirs of Vittoria Colonna and Savonarola were no strangers to me. I had read your two volumes in the spring of 1857 before starting on a long tour which embraced Greece and Italy. I was then earnestly trying to gain some personal knowledge of the great men—Leonardo da Vinci, M. Angelo, and others whose works I was about to see, and I had often reason to thank you for your vivid picture of the most sublime of them all when spending long hours in the Sistine Chapel.

Last Easter I ran off to Turin to see the first Italian Parliament, and was fortunate enough to hear the debate on the motion of Garibaldi, and afterwards to see the King enter the Duomo at Florence. It was mainly your account of San Miniato which made me read a novel of the high-minded Massimo d'Azeglio, which has for its subject that siege of Florence in which Michael Angelo bore so prominent a part. I stood outside the Church and looked down on the rejoicing city just two hours before the King entered.

In that oblong Piazza, outside the Uffizi, which reaches from the statue of Daniel to the Arno, there was a singularly graceful and touching inscription, declaring that the memory of the Great Men of former days had even in corrupt times kept alive the spirit of virtue.

I brought home with me from Rome in 1848, among my most cherished Italian Treasures, engravings of all the great visions in the Sistine, and I may say with all truth that much of the delight and

* Afterwards Master of Trinity.

interest with which they fill me is due to you, because by your book you gave me the strongest possible admiration for the personal character of that divine artist. . . . With much respect, very truly yours,

H. MONTAGU BUTLER.

The month of July, 1860, brought the greatest joy to Stoke and to Blaise Castle, in the birth of a long-looked-for son at the former place. He was given the name of *John*, borne by his father and his great-uncle, and of *Charles* after his Bunsen grandfather. His was the first baptism in the new church of St. Mary Magdalene, Stoke Bishop, planned and built by the untiring efforts of John Battersby-Harford. As soon as his mother could travel, her husband took her and her baby, with Alice and Constance, to Bonn on the Rhine, where Baron de Bunsen lay slowly dying. They remained for several weeks, but he lingered on after their departure until the end of November.

In December Mr. Harford, whose eyesight had been failing for years, underwent an operation for cataract. Many months of hope and suspense followed, but the sight was never restored, and the other eye was considered too weak to bear a similar strain. This deep affliction was borne with quiet courage and even cheerfulness. In the last year of his life he spoke of it to his wife, saying: "Louisa, God has, as it were, put His Finger upon all the sources of my former enjoyment of life—the beauties of nature and art, my books and literary work, my sketching, riding, and so on, but it is in order to *turn my eyes inward* and to draw me nearer to Himself." There was throughout his life a threefold harmony in his nature, intellectual, physical, and spiritual; the latter dominant, and penetrating the whole individuality. The power of attracting and retaining friendship came from his own warm heart, and from that personal magnetism that is innate and elusive, yet so unmistakeable! He spoke eloquently and to the point at public meetings; as President of the Royal Infirmary and on other committees, his sound judgment and courteous manner held the balance among opposing views. His impetuous nature was firmly controlled, yet his

wife knew at what a cost. She writes : " I have often been struck by the deep humility of my beloved husband. When grieving over any hastiness of temper he would make me promise when I saw indications of it, not to speak to him *at the time*, but afterwards. I agreed, on the condition that he would in the same way watch over me ; and how tenderly would he thank me, when any such occasions arose, for having fulfilled his wishes." It is owing to her tender forethought that so many letters and papers were collected and preserved to illustrate their golden years.

" Fifty years of happy wedded union " were fulfilled on the 31st of August, 1862. It was a Sunday, and with thankful hearts Mr. and Mrs. Harford went to church and received the Holy Communion, " realizing even more than usual the presence of the Lord." The following day, Monday, they welcomed William Harford and all the nephews and nieces within reach : John and Mary Charlotte from Stoke, with Alice and Constance ; Willy, Ellen, Edward ; Henry de Bunsen and Clementina Davis, who were staying in the house ; John Way, Vicar of Henbury, his wife, and the Rev. William Bruce. When all had assembled in the Picture-Room, John Scandrett Harford, with Louisa leaning on his arm, made a short and touching address, breathing faith, hope and love. About half-past seven they sat down to dinner, and William Harford, as his brother expressed it, " touched and gratified our hearts by the way in which he alluded, with true brotherly love, to the influence for good, which he ascribed to us both, over the rest of the family, in terms too strong to admit of being recorded, yet calculated to fill our hearts with a warm glow of thankfulness."

On three occasions, past and present employés were invited to dinner. One of the men, George Tomkins, aged eighty-eight, had entered the service of the first John Scandrett Harford in 1799, and for many years past had received a pension ; another, Daniel Powell, had also celebrated his golden wedding.

As little John emerged from babyhood a strong affection sprang

up between him and his blind great-uncle, and when he could ride a pony he constantly went over to Blaise Castle. Two winters—1864 and 1865—were spent at Villa Desanges, Cannes, by the family from Stoke, and on their return in 1865, Johnny ran up affectionately to his uncle, saying: "Uncle John, I will never leave you again." His mother wrote early in the year to Mrs. Harford: "Johnny looks the picture of health; Freddy is wondered at for his size and strength, as well as for his merry laugh. John measured him on his third birthday, and he proved to be 3 feet, 5 inches. I am glad that Johnny keeps an inch above him, but they look exactly the same height, and many people take them for twins. Our children are daily bathing in the sea, from a hut on the beach. Yesterday we were sitting out on the rocky ground above this house, among a group of pines, basking in the sunshine, with such a blue sky overhead, and an equally blue sea before us.

"John has gone to a Chasse aux Sangliers in the Esterelles; he and Sir Kenneth Mackenzie were fetched by a French neighbour at 7.30 a.m. in a *closed* carriage: the meet was to be at a suspension bridge over the river Siagne.

"We have made many charming long expeditions with Mr. Arthur Butler and his sister, both of whom we like so much, the Edmund Wrights, Miss March Phillipps and many others. We start at eleven, taking our luncheon, and when that is over we disperse, some to sketch or gather flowers, some to dig up anemone and other roots for our gardens. I always take Johnny; he sits on my knee in the carriage and gives no trouble, but is as happy as he can be, and I like him to be in the air as much as possible. Mrs. E. Wright has been interesting Alice and the others in botany and natural history."

John B. Harford's Christmas gift to his uncle had been a fur coat, with strict injunctions to wear it indoors as well as out, for both he and his wife had had influenza colds. An old friend of theirs at Cannes who sent them messages was Lord Glenelg, with his niece,

Miss March-Phillipps. The Mackenzies of Gairloch, the Fergusons of Raith and Novar, were in villas close to Desanges, and Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan-Davis,* at Montfleuri, with its cypress walks, were near enough for constant happy meetings between the two sets of children. Friends of Mary Harford's London life were not wanting; among them the beautiful Mrs. Hollond, who had sat to Ary Scheffer for his picture of Monica, the mother of St. Augustine. "Her eyes haunt me, their expression is so touching, and there is so much poetry in her whole being," wrote the former. Mrs. Norton, once so handsome, still kept her finely moulded features and black passionate eyes; her granddaughter, Carlotta Norton, played with the Desanges children. Emily Verney, pretty and bright, only daughter of Sir Harry, was always ready for picnics and sketching parties, and her brother George came on his way to India. Lord Brougham used to creep into church, very shaky, and giving deep growls if an unwary stranger had taken the seat he liked. Jenny Lind was there, with her husband, Otto Goldschmidt. She once offered to sing when dining at Villa Desanges, knowing the hostess could not venture to ask her, for her voice might be as lovely as ever or be utterly gone—she never knew which. But it chanced to be *there*, and the pure, liquid notes rang clear and true, so that a child, hearing it from her bed, crept out on the stairs to listen.

Only the old town on the hill, with its church-tower, the harbour, and the *Place* shaded by plane-trees, remain as they were in the old Cannes. Then the few French and English families were friendly neighbours, settled for six months in villas scattered between the pine-woods, and the Mediterranean shore as nature had left it, with rocks and sand, sea-shells and coral for the children.

John and Mary Harford went to Italy for a few weeks in April, 1865. They stayed at Turin to see Charles de Bunsen, who represented Prussia at the court of Savoy, and his wife, *née* Mary Waddington, of

* Katie Vaughan-Davis was married at Cannes, April 7, 1866, to the present Sir Samuel Hoare, Bt., Alice Harford being one of her bridesmaids.

the French branch. They were on the point of moving the Legation to Florence, Victor Emanuel's new capital. A letter from Naples, describing Turin, says of the King: "He appears to have recovered his popularity, which he had lost for a time. His pictures represent a ferocious, coarse-looking man with a head like an ox, and his mode of life corresponds to some extent with his appearance. Still, he has qualities exactly adapted to his mission in life. Naples has certainly benefited from the new state of things. Lazzaroni are almost extinct, and beggars of all sorts have been nearly abolished by the new police, but the drainage is in a dreadful state, and in the Toledo one's nose is assaulted by terrible smells."

The Battersby-Harfords ascended Vesuvius in summer heat, and their thirst was so great that, meeting a flock of goats, they had one of them milked into the huge brass bell that hung from the leading goat. They lunched one day at the Francis Reids' fine Saracenic house at Ravello, from whence the owners had lately had to flee by night from the brigands, old Lady Carmichael having to be carried down the vine-covered hill-sides by unfrequented paths. They visited Pæstum just before an innocent pair of travellers were carried off and held up for ransom. Leaving Amalfi, they went by boat to Lo Scaricatojo, walking up the steep ascent over the hill and down through woods to Sorrento—a lovely expedition, which was to be repeated, the reverse way, with their daughters in 1874.

The outline of Corsica was faintly visible from Cannes, a shadowy mystic island in the clearness of sunrise. John B. Harford spent two or three weeks there in March, 1866, with Baron Georges Snoy and Mr. Meysey Clive. Taking guns and sketch-books, they had to rough it in the interior, feeling well repaid with the wildness of the scenery, though the *Mouflon* of their dreams—a wild species of horned sheep—were never sighted.

Mr. Harford had completed his eightieth year in the previous October; his bodily powers began to fail, though his mind lost none of

its clearness. His wife had a sort of seizure, the effects of which she did not completely lose for three months. They lived entirely in the sunny upstairs rooms. Clementina Davis was invaluable in her loving care of them both during the winter, Eleanor Battersby twice coming for a month. After a few days of intense weakness, John Scandrett Harford was peacefully relieved from the "burden of the flesh," hearing strains of mysterious music as he lay dying on the 16th of April. With a last flash of triumphant faith he turned to his doctor: "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom then shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" and spoke no more.

Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY, Bt., to Mrs. HARFORD :

35, EATON PLACE, *April 25, 1866.*

I did not venture at once to express to you my most heartfelt feelings on the death of one so valued by all who had the advantage of his friendship. To me the news awakened old associations of all friends of my life, and in all, those of affectionate and grateful feelings.

My Clifton days spent with my Mother who first taught me to value his friendship, and later days in connexion with the common friendship of Sir Thomas Acland, and a thousand kindnesses towards myself, besides the constant interest created by contact with so highly cultivated a mind. To be intimate at all with Mr. Harford was to love him. I am glad I have seen something also of the sunset of such a life, and how cheerful it was. It was a great happiness to sink to rest without a cloud, and in the care of such a wife. You can have nothing but most deeply satisfying reflections, the richest comfort, and happiest prospects. Forgive me freely expressing what my affectionate remembrance dictates.

Most faithfully yours,

C. B. ADDERLEY.*

Louisa Harford survived her husband for six years, gathering together the records of their past life and adding such notes as she thought needful. She was a loveable and stately old lady, the straight black folds of her dress hanging like a nun's robe on a figure that had kept its former grace of outline. All the nephews and nieces on both

* Afterwards Lord Norton.

sides, with their children, found in her a loving sympathy for their various joys and sorrows. She lived until the month of April, 1872, and William Henry Harford, her husband's brother, the last of his generation, survived until the autumn of 1877, a happy old age in the fulness of eighty-four years, having rejoiced in his children's children.

Frank Harford followed his grandfather to the silent land two years later, when a squadron of the 10th Hussars, in which he was a lieutenant, missed the ford in the flooded Cabul river, and was swept away in the darkness. His last thought was surely for his mother, who twice in her dreams saw a vision of her son Frank, dripping wet and gazing at her, before the tidings came.

John Battersby Harford wrote from Falcondale on his fiftieth birthday, to his aunt, Mrs. Harford :

November 28, 1869.

And now let me thank you for your birthday letter, and the kind cheque which accompanied it. I shall gladly place it to the credit of the church, now very near completion. You have been very kind and generous in the matter, and the parishioners fully appreciate it. . . I ought indeed to be thankful, and hope I am, for so many family and other blessings. I think of old Doctor Watts' hymn :

“Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more . . .”

and although the future is uncertain, and it is not without anxiety that one looks forward to the careers of so many young things, we can only lay the best foundation we can, and hope for a full harvest, after the sowing and the culture have been faithfully done.”

Twenty years of strength and activity were allotted to John Battersby Harford from the time of his marriage. The aims he had set before him, of ameliorating the dwellings and the existence of the tenants on the Peterwell estate, and of developing the town of Lampeter, had been steadily pursued, for love to his God and to his neighbour was the moving spring of his life. A fixed principle had been laid down by him and his wife, of absolute religious equality. All sick and needy should be succoured, all farms and cottages let, all

children and their elders welcomed to entertainments, irrespective of creed. It will seem incredible that such a principle needed enforcing! That it was carried out, possibly accounts for the absence of religious troubles or feuds, common in many parts of the Principality but unknown in Lampeter. A fine parish church was consecrated in June, 1870, mainly through his exertions, replacing a dilapidated barn-like building.

The Stoke property and the Abbey farm had been sold by John Harford when he succeeded to the Blaise Castle estate. He had early realised the need of allotment gardens for working men, and in 1868 a large field on Henbury Hill, sloping to the south, had been set apart for the inhabitants of what was then the country village of Westbury-on-Trym. A man still living there has held his plot for forty years. Three acres and a cow for farm labourers was another of his schemes, and a small farmhouse, when it fell vacant, was converted into cottages, and the land divided among his own men. As he would say, "the success of the cow depends on the wife." New and spacious rooms and out-buildings surrounded the original house of Pant-y-Curyll, anglicised into Falcondale for simplicity's sake.

In a hilly outlying part of the parish of Lampeter, where not even a chapel existed, a small church arose, of which he was not only the architect but the builder. Every working drawing done to scale for masons and carpenters was his work; the small nave and the semi-circular apse are perfectly proportioned and thoroughly well-built. Three lancet windows in the apse have recently been filled with beautiful stained glass, in loving memory of his son's wife, Amabel.

There was an intangible charm in his manner and voice and a direct simplicity that won all hearts, and no one who had ever known him could forget him. The home life was so peaceable and idyllic that it seemed to the children the most natural thing in the world, and they only grew to realise in later life that it arose from the rare and perfect harmony between their parents.

Their father always welcomed his children's companionship,

whether walking after partridges, ferreting on a hill-side, or riding to overlook the estate-work and farm or cottage repairs. There were long holiday expeditions to fish in mountain lakes, or to find an Ogham inscription or bit of architecture hidden among the hills, or a submerged forest on the Pembrokeshire coast. Shooting, riding, fishing, and sailing a boat were his amusements, though never the main objects of his life; he was an excellent shot, especially for woodcock, and thoroughly enjoyed the autumn shoots in country houses. Willy Harford was another splendid shot, in spite of his lameness, riding a steady grey cob, Lady Jane, to distant beats. The two cousins were like brothers, and Willy's chaff and merriment made him an eagerly-welcomed guest.

* * * *

Nearly five years of illness, borne without a murmur, and then John Harford entered into rest on the morning of February 11th, 1875, at Cimiez, near Nice.

Of the wife, the mother, who has lived to see the third generation of her children, a volume might be written without giving any idea of her wise, gentle influence, her love and compassion, shining alike on the erring and the just; her varied activities, and her wonderful power of organizing, of proving more than equal to every task and every position that could fall to her lot:

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her :
So that he shall have no need of spoil.
She will do him good and not evil :
All the days of her life.
She considereth a field and buyeth it :
With the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.
She stretcheth out her hand to the poor :
Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.
She openeth her mouth with wisdom :
And in her tongue is the law of kindness.
She looketh well to the ways of her household :
And eateth not the bread of idleness.
Her children arise up and call her Blessed :
Her husband also, and he praiseth her.

APPENDIX.

THE UNSOUND PEDIGREE :

Page 2.

In 1634 Dr. Bridstock Harford drew up a pedigree of the Harfords of Bosbury for the Heralds College. To his half-brother Henry he gave no descendants, although he was able to certify his existence, for by the terms of their father's will, Henry, the elder son, was to receive an annuity payable by the younger son, who must therefore have known his brother's circumstances. In 1614, Henry was in his 33rd year, and had a young daughter, Anne, but according to our former pedigree, his *great-grandson*, Charles Harford, was born at Marshfield in 1631. The intermediate links were a mythical son Robert,* and a grandson, Thomas Harford. The latter was chosen at random from the registers of Marshfield, for he died *without issue* in September, 1657, and his father, John Harford, took out Letters of Administration. F. K. Harford probably discovered these facts, and also the true parentage of Charles Harford, which was perfectly clear.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION OF QUAKERS :

Page 27, line 10.

1682. In Newgate (Bristol) 5 persons were imprisoned in a room called the Anchor, including Charles Harford, jun.
1682. Anne Harford was committed for meetings.
-

* Called John in another pedigree, probably after the Administration was discovered.

1683. Charles Harford was fined £20 per month for 11 months (£220), for "Absence from the National Worship."
1683. The same, and Elizabeth his wife, were fined respectively £60 and £30 for 3 months from April 25th for the same offence. (Besse.)
-

THE "QUAKER FRIARS:"

Page 32, line 18.

Thomas Murford, with an estate near Bristol, was charged with being a Franciscan friar, as he was clothed in a coat of hair. When arrested, he said: "I was commanded of the Lord to come and mourn in sackcloth for you, and to warn you as you will answer it at the day of judgment, not to persecute and imprison His Saints." He was driven out of the town and, on returning, put in prison, his wife, too, for complaining. (Besse.)

MARK HARFORD, JR.:

Page 34, line 6.

November 6th, 1768.—I went to Stoke [Bishop], where Mark Harford, junr., was a constant visitor. One similarity appeared in his situation and that of his intended wife, Sally Lloyd. Each had given up a deservedly beloved object because destitute of that wealth so much valued by the generality. Both had in the sacrifice the merit of obliging their parents, and perhaps thought their conduct resulted from duty. 26th November they were married at the Friars Meeting-house,

the company about 20 in number. We returned to Stoke to dinner, which was sumptuous and much good clothes on the occasion. Previous to their departure from Stoke on the 4th December, I accompanied them to Bristol in my aunt's chariot, where I staid to lodge. On their return home the horses took fright on the entrance to Durdham Down, and threw the coachman off the box. A servant who attended on horse-back, while attempting to take hold of the reins, was pulled off his horse, which also ran away. Mark Harford jumped out to assist in stopping them, and in jumping received considerable injury. Neither master nor man succeeding in their attempts, the horses continued to gallop till they reached the hill, which they went soberly down and stopped at the gate at Stoke till somebody came up to open it.

29th November, 1798.—Hetty Champion and myself took a ride to Stoke to see Cousin Harford and Sally; we stayed to dine, finding both mother and daughter very poorly. S. appeared to be in a decline; I felt much for my poor cousin, as this was a favourite child.

9th December, 1798.—Death of my Cousin H. at Stoke.—

S. Champion's Journal.

CAPTAIN CHARLES JOSEPH HARFORD:

Page 34, third line from bottom.

On July 24th, 1797, the Henbury Troop [of Yeomanry] assembled at Cornet Haythorne's residence at Stapleton, where they were met by Lt.-Genl. Rooke and staff, and had the honour of receiving a very handsome Standard at the hands of Mrs. Haythorne. Captain [Charles Joseph] Harford addressed the troop in a short speech, and delivered the Standard into the hands of the Cornet. They proceeded to Stapleton Church, where the ceremony of dedication was performed.—

The Yeomanry Cavalry of Gloucestershire and Monmouthshire, by Lt.-Col. Wyndham Quin.

THE GRAY FAMILY :

Page 44.

Abraham Gray, of Tottenham High Cross, died in 1794 at the age of eighty-five, leaving a hundred thousand pounds between his sons and daughters, besides twenty thousand pounds and an annuity of twelve hundred "to his relict the sister of Isaac Walker, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn Fields. All this fortune was raised from the retailing of wine in small quantities, in a vault in Newgate-street, to chance customers, before the general prevalence of taverns or public-houses where wine was sold."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1794, Vol. II.

The Gray Pedigree for many generations, with its ramifications, has been traced by Mr. Perceval Lucas, to whom I am indebted for several dates and marriages which enabled me to complete the relationships of my great-grandmother, Mary Gray. It is only possible here to allude to a few of them.

Abraham Gray and his wife, Rebecca Walker, had three sons and three daughters. The eldest son, John Gray of Wembley Park, was father of the Rev. John Edward Gray (1800-1887), who has left many descendants. John Gray's daughter, Sarah Maria Gray, married George Butler, Dean of Peterborough, and was the mother of three distinguished sons, including Arthur Butler of Oriel, and the Very Rev. Henry Montagu Butler, Master of Trinity. Their sister, Louisa Butler, married Sir Francis Galton, F.R.S., the great scientist.

The descendants of Edward Gray, the second son, are mentioned elsewhere. The third son, Walker Gray, of The Grove, Southgate, had, besides the Rev. Walker Gray, curate of Henbury, and other sons who died unmarried, Russell Gray (1799-1879), of Southgate, who married in 1841 Mary Caroline Grey, by whom he has left descendants.

Mary Gray, the second daughter, married John Scandrett Harford. Her elder sister, Rebecca, was married in 1773 to Robert Pryor (brother of John Pryor of Baldock, Herts), by whom she had

Robert, Richard Vickris, and Elizabeth Pryor, all of whom died unmarried. A third sister was Mrs. John Vickris Taylor.

STRIPPING THE LOUVRE:

Pages 72, 81.

When the Allied Powers took possession of Paris, after Napoleon's abdication, Canova was sent to appeal for the restitution of the treasures of art that had been carried off from Rome. The French Government hesitated, the other powers were unwilling to interfere, but England, feeling the justice of the demand, interposed to enforce it, the Duke of Wellington declaring "that the Allied Powers ought not to yield to the wishes of the French King in this matter." Canova courteously undertook the responsibility of leaving several master-pieces in the Louvre, and was thanked by the Pope for having "understood his heart"—*i.e.*, acting generously to a former foe.—*Men of Genius*, Vol. II.

Genealogical Tables

HARFORD PEDIGREE.

WILLIAM HARFORD, of Marshfield, Glos. = MARGARET, buried at Marshfield, 5 Oct.,
Living 1602. 1602.

MARK HARFORD or HARVORDE, 1570-1652 = ELLEN ALSOPP, bur. 8 Oct., 1626
First wife. Second wife.

THOMAS HARFORD of Marsh-
field, 1627-1710 ←
EDWARD HARFORD of Marsh-
field, 1632-1656.

CHARLES HARVORDE = MARY BUSHE, = ELIZABETH COX,
or HARFORD, of Bristol, m. 22 March, m. 1671, d.s.p.
bapt. 17 May, 1631, d. 6 1656. 1706.
Dec., 1709. First wife. Second wife.

EDWARD HARFORD, 1658-1705. = ELIZABETH, 1670-
1758, dau. of Charles
Jones, gt.-gd.-dau. of
Bishop Hugh Jones,
of Llandaff, (bur.
1574). M. 10 Oct.,
1689.

CHARLES HARFORD, 1662-1725, m. RACHEL TRUMAN ←
MARK HARFORD, 1664-1707.
JOHN HARFORD, 1666-1670.
MARY HARFORD, b. 1665, m. 1685, ABRAHAM LLOYD ←
MARTHA HARFORD, b. 1667, m. 1688, JOHN SCANDRETT ←

CHARLES HARFORD, 1690-1703, bur. at Austin
Friars, Bristol.
MARK HARFORD, 1700-88, m. 1734-5, LOVE
ANDREWS ←
CHARLES HARFORD, 1704-46, m. i. MARY BECK ←
m. ii. RACHEL REEVE ←
ELIZABETH HARFORD, 1693—, m. 1712, RICHARD
SUMMERS ←

ANNE HARFORD, b. and d. 1695.
ANNE HARFORD, 1696-7-1765, m. 1728, GEORGE
TULLEY.
MARY HARFORD, 1698-1770, m. 1734-5,
FRANCIS BROWNE ←
MARTHA HARFORD, 1699—, m. 1720, WILLIAM
BRIDGES.
SARAH HARFORD, b. 1702-3, d. young.

EDWARD HARFORD, 1691-1779. = ELIZABETH, dau. of Edward Lloyd, of Stoke Bishop. M. 15 Oct.,
1716, d. 1729.

EDWARD HARFORD, 1720-1806. = SARAH, dau. of John Scandrett, jun. B. 1725, m. 7 March,
1747, d. 1776.

EDWARD HARFORD, 1753-1777, unm.
CHARLES EDWARD HARFORD, 1762-
1787, unm.
Four daughters died young.

JOHN SCANDRETT HARFORD, = MARY, dau. of Abraham
eldest surviving son, 1754-1815. Gray, of Tottenham,
Middlesex. M. 9 Feb.,
1780.

HARFORD PEDIGREE.—Continued.

a

JOHN SCANDRETT HARFORD, D.C.L.,
F.R.S., b. 9 Oct., 1785, d. 16 April, 1866, m.
12 Aug., 1812, LOUISA, dau. of R. Hart Davis,
M.P. She died April, 1872.

EDWARD GRAY HARFORD, 1783-1804, unm.
CHARLES GRAY HARFORD, 1788-1856, "
FREDERIC HARFORD, 1790-1812, "
ALFRED HARFORD, 1792-1856 ←
WILLIAM HENRY HARFORD, 1793-1877 ←
MARY HARFORD, 1782-1809.
ELIZABETH HARFORD, 1784-1789.

ABRAHAM GRAY HARFORD-BATTERSBY, 1786-1851. Took the name and arms of Battersby
by Royal License in 1815, in accordance with the will of his cousin, William Battersby.
ELIZABETH GREY, 6th dau. of Major-Gen. Thomas
and Lady Eleanor Dundas, of Carron Hall, Co.
Stirling. M. 11 May, 1816, d. 23 Jan., 1823.

JOHN BATTERSBY-HARFORD,
M.A., J.P., D.L., 1819-1875.

MARY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH,
dau. of Baron de Bunsen,
Prussian Minister in London.
B. 11 June, 1829, m. 4 April,
1850.

THOMAS DUNDAS HARFORD-
BATTERSBY, 1822-1883, Hon.
Canon of Carlisle, Vicar of
St. John's, Keswick ←

ELEANOR DUNDAS HARFORD-
BATTERSBY, 1818-1884, unm.

FREDERIC DUNDAS HARFORD, C.V.O., D.L., J.P., B.A. Oxf.,
b. 8 Feb., 1862; in H.M. Diplomatic Service; m. 29 Sept.,
1896, AMY MARY JOSEPHINE, dau. and co-h. of H. J. Stourton,
of Holme Hall, Yorkshire ←

MARY LOUISA HARFORD-
BATTERSBY, 1821-1906, m.
1847, the Rev. HENRY GEORGE
DE BUNSEN, who died 1885 ←

ALICE MARY ELIZABETH.

CONSTANCE EMILIA, m. 23 April, 1878, JOHN BAIRD, of
Knoydart, N.B., who died 1900 ←

AGNES CLEMENTINA.

MARY EDITH, m. 13 July, 1878, ALBAN GWYNNE, of Monachty,
Co. Cardigan, who died 1904 ←

ELEANOR DOROTHY, m. 23 April,
1889, JOHN ILTYD DILLWYN
NICHOLL, of Merthyr Mawr ←

CHARLOTTE LOUISA.

JOHN CHARLES HARFORD, b. 28 July, 1860.
BLANCHE AMABEL, dau. of Rt. Hon. H. C. Raikes,
of Llwynegrin, Co. Flint. M. 11 April, 1893,
d. 28 Aug., 1904.

JOHN HENRY HARFORD, b. 7 Feb.,
1896.

GEORGE ARTHUR, b. 29 Dec., 1897.
MARY AMABEL.

COLLATERAL LINES.—No. 1.

REV. THOMAS DUNDAS HARFORD-BATTERSBY, Vicar of St. John's, Keswick, Hon. Canon of Carlisle, 2nd son of A. G. Harford-Battersby, b. 3 Oct., 1822, d. 23 July, 1883; m. 19 Sept., 1854, MARY, dau. of George Forbes of Moniack. She d. 21 July, 1885.

REV. JOHN BATTERSBY-HARFORD, b. 1857, m. 1887, EDITH, dau. of Capt. Richard Pelly, R.N.

- i. HENRY DUNDAS, b. 1888.
- ii. JOHN VICTOR, b. 1897.
- i. MARY KATHARINE.
- ii. WINIFRED MAUD.

REV. DUNDAS HARFORD, b. 1858, m. 1892, ENID, dau. of William Gunston Howell.

- i. JAMES DUNDAS, b. 1898.
- ii. LIONEL WILFRED, b. 1900.
- i. DOROTHEA GRACE.
- ii. ENID MARY DUNDAS.

REV. CANON GEORGE HARFORD, b. 1860, m. 1889, HELEN, dau. of Col. Eugène Impey, C.I.E.

- i. GEORGE LAWRENCE, b. 1891.
- ii. EUGÈNE DE L'ÉTANG, b. 1901.
- i. MARY ISABELLA.
- ii. MARGARET LETITIA.
- iii. HONORIA EUGÉNIE.

ALFRED HARFORD-BATTERSBY, b. 1863, d. 1903, unm.

MARY ELIZABETH, b. 1861, d. 1886, unm.

CHARLES FORBES HARFORD, M.D., B.C., M.A., M.R.C.S., etc., b. 1864, m. 1893, ADELINE, dau. of William Clapton, F.R.C.S.

ELEANOR DUNDAS.

NOTE.—In 1902 John Harford-Battersby assumed the name of Battersby-Harford, and Dundas, George, and Charles Harford dropped the name of Battersby.

COLLATERAL LINES.—No. 2.

WILLIAM HENRY HARFORD of Barley Wood, Co. Somerset, 1793-1877, 7th son of John Scandrett Harford and Mary Gray, m. 1826, EMILY, dau. of John King, Under-Secretary Home Department, d. 1832.

WILLIAM HENRY HARFORD of Oldtown, Glos., 1829-1903, m. 1854, Ellen, dau. of the Rev. W. Tower, d. 1907.

EDWARD JOHN HARFORD, Canon of Wells, b. 1832, m. 1864, GERTRUDE EMMA, dau. of the Rev. Sir Thomas Pym Bridges, Bt.

EDWARD BRIDGES HARFORD, b. 1872, m. 1906, VIOLET AUDLEY, dau. of Lt.-Col. Gore Little, and has :

CHRISTOPHER EDWARD AUDLEY HARFORD, b. 1907.

ANTHONY FRANCIS HARFORD, b. 1908.

EDITH EMILY HARFORD.

GERTRUDE MARGARET HARFORD.

MADELINE LOUISA HARRIET HARFORD.

EVELYN SOPHIA HARFORD, m. 1899, ALFRED PELLY ←

KATHARINE ADELAIDE MARY HARFORD, m. 1904, PHILIP DASHWOOD ←

WILLIAM ALFRED HARFORD, b. 1856, m. 1890, GRACE MARY BEATA, dau. of Hamilton Kinglake, Esq., and has :
JESSIE HARFORD.
BEATA HARFORD.

FRANCIS HARVEY HARFORD, Lieut. 10th Hussars, b. 1857, drowned 1879 in Cabul River, unm.

ARTHUR EDWARD HARFORD, 1859-1897, Commander, R.N., unm.

HUGH WYNNDHAM LUTTRELL HARFORD, of Horton, Glos., b. 1862, m. 1903, EVELYN NORAH, dau. of Lt.-Col. Needham, and has :
MARK WILLIAM HARFORD, b. 1904.
ARTHUR HUGH HARFORD } b. Sept. 1905.
CHARLES EVELYN HARFORD }
GEORGE ANTHONY HARFORD, b. Jan. 1909.

LINNIE (ELLEN HARRIET MARIA), 1860-1885, m. 1882, GEORGE, LORD CAPELL, afterwards EARL OF ESSEX ←

LOUISE EMILY, m. i. 1884, BARON CARLO DE TUYLL, d. 1893 ←, m. ii. 1895, the 9th DUKE OF BEAUFORT ←

EMILY MARY HARFORD, d. young.

HARRIET MARGARET HARFORD, 1831-1855, m. 1853, WILLOUGHBY HURT SITWELL, of Fernie Hall, Salop, d. 1909 ←

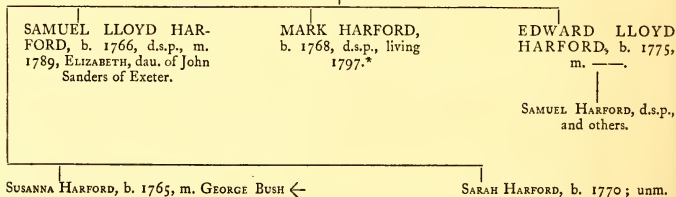
COLLATERAL LINES.—No. 3.

MARK HARFORD of Frenchay, Glos., 2nd surviving son of EDWARD HARFORD and ELIZABETH JONES, 1700-1788; Will dated May, 1783; proved Feb., 1789; m. 1735, LOVE, dau. of Col. John Andrews, of Hill House, Glos., d. 1777.

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MARK HARFORD of Stoke Bishop, b. 1738, d.v.p. — SARAH, dau. of Samuel Lloyd, m. 1762, d. 1798.

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* *London Gazette*, 1st April, 1797:—Bristol Troop of Gentlemen and Yeomanry; Mark Harford, gent., to be Cornet.

COLLATERAL LINES.—No. 4.

Stapleton Branch.

CHARLES HARFORD, 1704-1746, 3rd surviving son of EDWARD HARFORD and ELIZABETH JONES, died of a fever caught by visiting French prisoners of war. Will dated 15 Feb., 1746, proved 9 Apr., 1747. *M. i.* 1738, MARY, dau. of Joseph Beck of Frenchay, d. 1742. *M. ii.* 1745, RACHEL, dau. of John Reeve (who re-married, 1761, THOS. CROSEY) and had a dau. RACHEL, b. 1745-6, d. unm.

CHARLES HARFORD, b. 1739, d. 1740.

JOSEPH HARFORD, 1741-1802, of Stapleton, J.P. Glos., High Sheriff, Bristol, 1779 and 1785; m. 1763, HANNAH, dau. of Joseph Kill of Stapleton. She d. 1811.

ELIZABETH HARFORD, b. 1742, d. 1760, unm.

CHARLES JOSEPH HARFORD, 1764-1830, of Stapleton, M.A., F.A.S., J.P. Glos., m. 1795, MARY, dau. of Nathaniel Coffin of Falmouth, New England, b. 1762, d. 1798.

HENRY CHARLES HARFORD, 1798-1879, of Frenchay Lodge. *M. i.*, 1825 SUSAN HARRIET, dau. of Samuel Brice of Frenchay; m. *ii.*, 1869, CHARLOTTE JONES of Stapleton House.

CHARLES JOSEPH HARFORD, 1797-1838, s.p., Capt. 34th Regt.

CHARLES JOSEPH HARFORD, 1826-1874, 12th Lancers, m. 1850, ROSA MATILDA, dau. of Robert Scott, Lieut. R.N.

HENRY CHARLES HARFORD, d.s.p.
FREDERICK KILL HARFORD, 1832-1906, d.s.p., Minor Canon of Westminster.
SAMUEL HENRY HARFORD, 1833-1904, d.s.p., Captain in the Army and of H.B.M.s Consular Service, m. 1865, ALICE VICTOIRE, dau. of the Rev. the Hon. T. C. Skeffington.
ISABELLA ADELAIDE HARFORD, m. Major MORANT, 12th Lancers ←
SUSAN HARRIET HARFORD, m. Major EDWARD CAVE, H.M.S.C. ←
And other Daughters.

HENRY CHARLES HARFORD, C.B., Col. 2nd Batt. Wiltshire Regt., b. 31 Dec., 1850, m. 1898, FLORENCE, dau. of William Page, M.D., d. 1900, and has: VIOLET EVA HARFORD, b. 1899.

KATHERINE HARRIET HARFORD, m. 188—, C. P. UNDERWOOD, Cr. R.N. ←

ELLEN HARFORD, m. 1885, Col. J. C. COODE, Black Watch, killed in action at Magersfontein ←

CHARLES JOSEPH HARFORD.

ROSE A. J. HARFORD.

EMMA FLORENCE MARY HARFORD, m. 1870, the Hon. DAVID ERSKINE ←

AMY GEORGINA HARFORD.

EDITH MARAQUITA HARFORD.

COLLATERAL LINES.—No. 5.

CHARLES HARFORD, 1662-1725, 2nd son of CHARLES HARFORD and MARY BUSHE; Will dated 12 April, 1723, proved 9 Oct., 1725; m. RACHEL (d. 1732) dau. of JOHN TRUMAN.

TRUMAN HARFORD, 1704-1750, m. MARY TAYLOR, of Baldock, Herts, d. 1792.

MARY, b. 1701—WILLIAM LYNE of Keynsham.

EDWARD LYNE, who died s.p., 1819, leaving estate to RICHARD HARFORD.

HENRY LYNE of Melksham, m. Miss BEATTY.

CHARLES HARFORD, 1732-1807, m. 1768, in France, MARY BULLOCK, d. 1807.

JAMES HARFORD of Chew Magna, 1734-1817, m. 1756, ANNE, dau. of Richard Summers. D. 1796.

JOHN HARFORD, of Stoke Newington, b. 1736, d.s.p. 26 Mar., 1816, m. 1765, BEATRICE, dau. of John Harman. D. 1801.

Capt. JOHN HARFORD, R.N., d. 4 Oct., 1808, at Prince of Wales Island, Penang.

Capt. CHARLES HARFORD, R.N., drowned off Yarmouth, 19 Oct., 1808, and buried there.

TRUMAN HARFORD, brewer, of Limehouse, 1758-1803, m. 1789, MARY BIDDLE and had:

JAMES HARFORD, b. 1795.

TRUMAN HARFORD, b. 1796.

EDMUND BIDDLE HARFORD, b. 1803.

RICHARD SUMMERS HARFORD, of Chew Magna, 1763-1837, m. 1792, JANE LLOYD PERKINS.

JAMES HARFORD, 1764-1788, unm.

SAMUEL HARFORD, 1766-1838.

JOHN HARFORD, 1768-1851, unm.

GEORGE HARFORD, 1769-1848, unm.

MARY HARFORD, d. unm., 1837.

ELIZABETH HARFORD, d. unm., 1836.

SARAH HARFORD, 1771-1837, m. 1793, JOHN LURY.

SOPHIA HARFORD, b. 1779, living 1816 at Gelly Wastod, Newport, Mon., with John and Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH HARFORD, b. 1742, d. 1831, m. Oct. 1760, JOHN HARMAN, d. 1817, and had issue, five sons, six daughters.

RICHARD HARFORD, F.S.A., of Clapham and Stockwell, b. Sept. 1749, d. Dec. 1826; took name and arms of Lyne 29 Feb., 1820, on succeeding to the Manor of Keynsham; m. 1782, GRIZELL GREEN, d. 1844, aged 87.

HENRY HARFORD of Balham Hill, b. 1785, d. 1868; took name of Lyne on succeeding his father, 1827; m. 15 Sept., 1818, ELIZA MOUNTENAY HOGGART, and had issue, HARFORD LYNE ←

CHARLES RICHARD HARFORD (of Lloyd's), 1787-1874, m. 1814, SARAH HOGGART

EDWIN HARFORD, 1794-1857, unm.

SCANDRETT AND BATTERSBY CONNECTION.

JOHN SCANDRETT, d. 1740; m. 1688, MARTHA, dau. of Charles Harford (she d. 1736).
Will dated Jan. 1728.

MARTHA SCANDRETT, bur. 18 Mar., 1771,
m. 11 May, 1727, as his 2nd wife, WILLIAM
BATTERSBY, formerly of Evesham, d. 1744.

WILLIAM BATTERSBY, b. 9 Mar., 1732, d. 1812,
s.p., m. 1776, SOPHIA EVANS, who died 1815.
Will dated 4 Nov., 1811.*

JOHN SCANDRETT, d. 1730, m. Apr.
1720, ELIZABETH, dau. and co-heiress of
Richard Parkes.

SARAH SCANDRETT, 1725-1776, m. 7 March,
1747, EDWARD HARFORD, jun.

JOHN SCANDRETT HARFORD, 1754-1815.

ABRAHAM GRAY HARFORD, 1786-
1851, 2nd surviving son. Took name
and arms of Battersby in 1815, as
his cousin's heir.

CHARLES SCANDRETT, m. 1724 MARY,
dau. of Edward Lloyd.

JOHN SCANDRETT, d.s.p. Will dated 1770, left
lands to his cousins, Edward Harford, jun., and
William Battersby.

CHRISTOPHER SCANDRETT, d.s.p., 1738.

MARY SCANDRETT, m. THOMAS EDWARDS,
living 1759.

JOHN EDWARDS.

THOMAS EDWARDS. SUSANNA (Mrs. Bevan).
Mentioned in will of William Battersby.

* There was a half-brother, John Battersby, who died 1752, leaving an infant daughter, who died the same year. Therefore W. Battersby had no relations nearer than first cousins.

BUNSEN CONNECTION.

CHRISTIAN CARL JOSIAS BUNSEN, created Baron, 1854; 1791-1860, m. in Rome, 1817,
to FRANCES WADDINGTON, d. 1876.

1. HENRY GEORGE DE BUNSEN, 1818-1885, Rector of Donington, Co. Salop, m. 1847, MARY LOUISA HARFORD-BATTERSBY, d. 1906. Issue :—

(LILLA) E. F., m. 1880, Rev. A. SHERINGHAM ←

(LISA) L. E., m. 1886, T. C. GARFIT, d. 1887 ←

2. ERNEST DE BUNSEN, 1819-1903, m. 1845, ELIZABETH GURNEY, d. 1903. Issue :—

SIR MAURICE DE BUNSEN, G.C.V.O., b. 1852, m. BERTHA CORRY. Issue, 3 daughters.

HILDA DE BUNSEN, m. (1st) 1873, HUGO V. KRAUSE, d. 1874 ←; (2nd) 1877, BARON DEICHMANN ←, who died 1908.

MARIE DE BUNSEN.

3. CHARLES DE BUNSEN, 1821-1887, Prussian Dipl. Service, m. 1856, MARY ISABEL WADDINGTON. Issue :—

BEATRICE, m. 1895, C. L. TOWNSHEND ←

4. GEORGE VON BUNSEN, 1824-1896, Member German Reichstag, m. 1854, EMMA BIRKBECK, d. 1899. Issue :—

CARL VON BUNSEN, Commander Imperial German Navy, 1856-1890.

LOTHAR DE BUNSEN, b. 1858, m. (1st) 1887, MARY A. KINLOCH, d. 1898; issue : ARNOLD, b. 1887; ERIC, b. 1889; (2nd) VICTORIA BUXTON, 1904; issue : CHARLES, b. 1905; BERNARD, b. 1907.

WALDEMAR VON BUNSEN, m. MARIA FLEISCHAMMER.

MARIE VON BUNSEN

EMMA VON BUNSEN (a Nursing Sister).

BERTA (HENDERSON).

ELSE VON BUNSEN.

HILDEGARD VON BUNSEN.

5. THEODORE DE BUNSEN, 1832-1892, Prussian Dipl. Service, m. (1st) NORA HILL ←;

(2nd) THERESE, Mrs. MAJENDIE. Issue by 1st marriage :

HARALD DE BUNSEN.

MORITZ DE BUNSEN.

1. FRANCES HELEN DE BUNSEN, b. 1826, d. unmarried, 1894.

2. EMILIA DE BUNSEN, b. 1827.

3. MARY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH DE BUNSEN, b. 1829, m. 1850, JOHN BATTERSBY-HARFORD, who d. 1875 ←

4. THEODORA DE BUNSEN, twin with Theodore, m. 1855, BARON AUGUST VON UNGERN-STERNBERG, d. 1862. Issue :—

REINHOLD, b. 1860, m. MARION DELMÉ-RADCLIFFE, and four daughters, m. REUTERSWARD—V. KLOEDEN—V. LIPPE—V. BODELSCHWINGH.

5. AUGUSTA MATILDA DE BUNSEN, b. 1837, d. unmarried, 1867.

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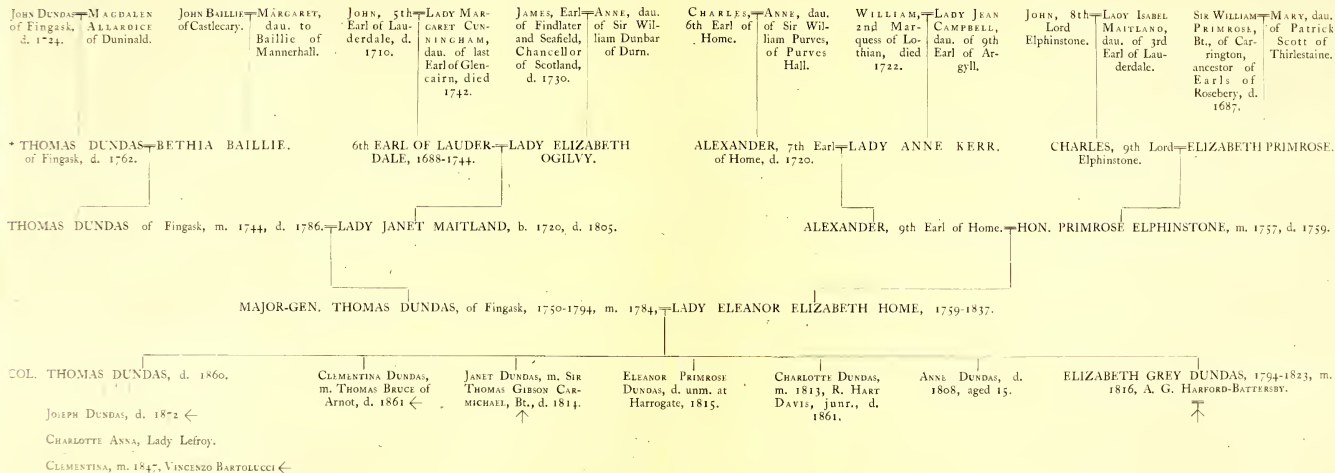
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5. AUGUSTA MATILDA DE BUNSEN, b. 1837, d. unmarried, 1867.

SEIZE QUARTIERS OF ELIZABETH GREY DUNDAS.



* LAURENCE DUNDAS, 2nd son of this marriage, was ancestor of the Earls of Zetland, now a marquise.

GRANVILLE CONNECTION.

ROLLO, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

18th in direct male descent.

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE or GRANVILLE (of the *Revenge*), d. at sea, off the Azores, 1591.

SIR BERNARD GRANVILLE, d. 1636.

SIR BEVIL GRANVILLE. Killed at Lansdown, 1643.

SIR JOHN GRANVILLE. 1628-1701.
Ancestor in female line of Dukes of Sutherland, Earls Granville, Marquis of Bath, Earls Spencer, Duke of Devonshire, etc.

BERNARD GRANVILLE, d. 1701.
Carried news of Restoration from General Monk to Charles II.

BERNARD GRANVILLE, d. 1743.
Lt. Gov. of Hull, M.P. for Fowey, m.
MARY, dau. of Sir Martin Westcomb, Bt.

MARY GRANVILLE, 1700-1788,
m. (1st) ALEXANDER PENDARVES, of Roscrow, (2nd) PATRICK DELANY, D.D.,
Dean of Down.

ANNE GRANVILLE, 1707-1761. m. 1740, JOHN D'EWES,
of Wellesbourne, Co. Warwick.

Two sons,
BERNARD
and BEVIL,
d.s.p.

MARY DEWES or D'EWES, 1746-1814,
m. 1770, JOHN PORT, of Ilam, formerly Sparrow.

Three sons whose issue took name of
GRANVILLE on extinction of latter male
line.

GEORGINA MARY ANN PORT, 1771-1850,
m. 1789, BENJAMIN WADDINGTON, of Llanover, Mon.

And others.

FRANCES WADDINGTON, 1791-1876,
m. 1817, C. C. J. BARON BUNSEN.

AUGUSTA WADDINGTON, 1802-1894, m. 1823, LORD LLANOVER, originally
BENJAMIN HALL.

MARY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, b. 1829, m. 1850, JOHN BATTERSBY-HARFORD.

AUGUSTA CHARLOTTE HALL, m. 1846, JOHN HERBERT, of Llanarth.

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